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Cover:

Cover model: Lenka Novak as Olivia Paddon | thread

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Model(s):

- Angel Tompkins
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- Bridget Tremayne, GotM
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- Janice Armstrong
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- Lenka Novak as Olivia Paddon | thread
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- Lone Cristensen
    1. post
- Nicola James
    1. post
- Puck Easton
    1. post [partial]
    2. post

ANGEL

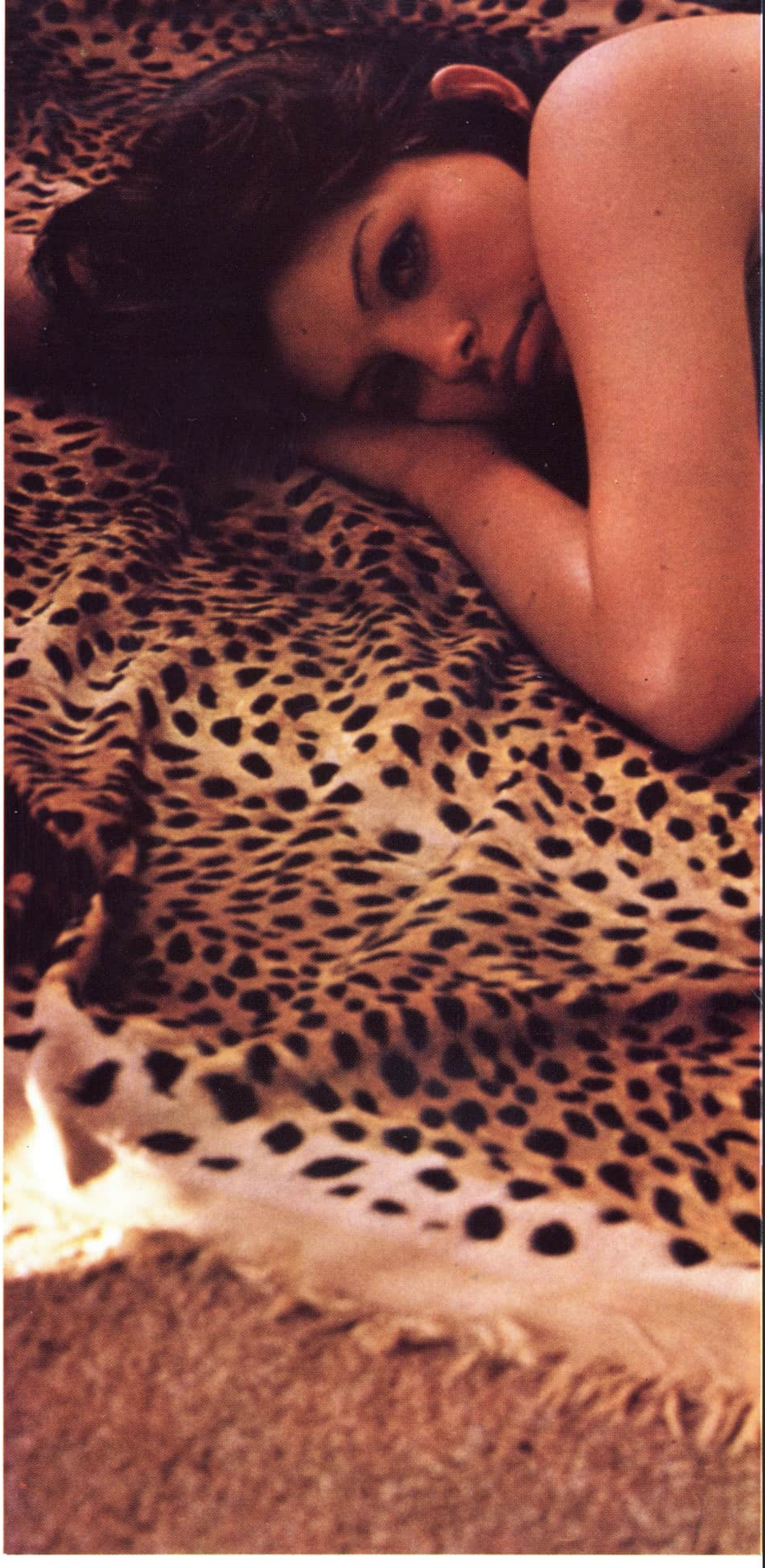
PHOTOGRAPHED BY RAYMOND DEPARDON

To take part in the Miss Universe contest, a girl has got to be very much out of the ordinary. To take part in the contest at the age of 16 would for most girls be a teenage fantasy, yet that's exactly what Angel Tompkins did. Sadly, there was no fairy-tale ending to the story, for at the last moment it was decided she really was too young so she had to drop out. But there were consolations,

chiefly a burgeoning acting career – first in TV's *Bonanza, Dragnet, The FBI, The Wild Wild West* and *The Name of the Game* – and then in the cinema, where, after roles in films like *I Love My Wife, How to Seduce a Woman* and *The Don is Dead*, she landed the female starring part opposite superstars Lee Marvin and Gene Hackman in *Prime Cut*. Playing Hackman's wife, she is called upon to seduce his gangster arch-enemy Marvin – thus making lecherous Lee the envy of us all. True to our policy of baring the big names you ask for, we unveil the nudest Miss Angel – short for Angeline – Tompkins. Twenty-six-year-old Angel's only proviso was the absence of pubic hair from her pictures. We don't think you'll object after these exclusive views of her 35–23–35 inches.

PUCK

With an elfish twinkle in her brown eyes, 19-year-old Puck Easton looks up from the settee where she is elegantly reclined, nude, save for bangles, beads and a button-up-the-front white skirt which is *un*-buttoned except at the waist. She shifts position, causing her pert nipples, semi-erect, to jiggle. We met shopping-laden and raven-haired Puck earlier this year emerging from an exclusive fashion store in London's King's Road and were so impressed with what we saw of her 35–23–34 figure that we asked her if she would like to appear in *Mayfair*. 'This



assignment has come in very handy,' she smiles, changing pose once again, 'as the day you stopped me, I'd over-spent terribly and this will help make amends for being so naughty.' Her ample C-cupped breasts stretch and lie flat as she raises her hands above her head. 'What do you think of my figure now?' she says with a saucy self-assurance. 'I think my body is quite nice. I've got a very narrow back though which accentuates my bosom terribly, but it seems I'm the only one who's hung-up over it. Actually I get so many admiring glances – many of them from other girls. It really makes me feel good when I'm in a communal changing room and I notice other girls looking at me – as full in the bosom as I am, I dislike bras. They're awful. I don't find anything wrong about other girls ogling . . . I mean it's not as sick as men . . . you all pee communally don't you?' She moves to a hands-and-knees position and gravity swells further her ample frontage. 'Puck? No. It's not because I'm a nymph, though I do like doing more unconventional things. God, am I putting my foot in

it – you're wicked, you're taking everything the wrong way. I've heard that the prettier a girl is, the less likely she is to be interested in *it*. But I like to think that I'm pretty and it doesn't affect me like that. The theory is that pretty girls are usually blasé about sex, as they've been exposed to so much male attention, whether wanted or not. Oh, you've side-tracked me. I was telling you about the name Puck. It's a nick-name, given to me by my first boyfriend. It stuck, which is kind of nice, and so I now just call myself Puck. It all stemmed from a practical joke I played on him. I heard that he fancied another girl, so I wrote him a letter, put her name on it and said I wanted to meet him at midnight somewhere. It also happened that once or twice when he said he'd been thinking of me, I happened to bump into him. You see if you believe in Puck, on Mid-Summer's Eve if you say the magic words, he'll appear. And that's how it came about. Fits my impish nature, eh?'

JANICE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

Raven-haired and pert-nippled is Janice Armstrong. She's also a girl of ample, well-rounded proportions: and at a comely 36–24–36 she is the type of girl around whom many a male fantasy revolves. 'I had a boyfriend once,' she says in a way meant to imply that she has had others, 'who called me his "meat-and-potatoes girl". I never thought that a really flattering description and the relationship soon ended. But I've gradually begun to understand what he meant . . . I've overheard men at work pass remarks about me . . . oh, you know, things like "I could fancy a sexy weekend in the New Forest with her." So, maybe, it's something about *me* which makes men feel that way, and it's not that I flirt with them. Well, not that much, or give them the come-on.' She sighs, and as she

does her potatoes, ably jacketed, heave–her erect nipples trying to burst through several layers of clothing. 'I did go for what could be called a sexy week once. We sent off for a brochure on Wales and picked our area. It was in the north and it was off-season. That was the mistake. For when we got there, the entire place was closed. It was absolutely dead! The only place open was a small Woolworths and a very posh restaurant just outside of Betwys-y-Coed. It was so incredible, no one about, bed and breakfast places shut and there, out in the middle of nowhere, this nice, expensive restaurant. We were dying for food and we had to eat there. And guess who was in the bar. Cliff Richard. Now can you beat

that? But I doubt if I will be going back to that part of Wales again, as beautiful as the countryside was. Janice 25, hails, initially at any rate, from just east of the Welsh border in Chester. 'It's silly but I spent most of my childhood in that area, but had never, to my knowledge been to Wales before. Anyway, the family moved to Sheffield when I was about ten.' Now Janice works as a secretary in a large firm of estate agents, saving her pennies for a holiday on America's west coast. 'I would like to get out of here . . . Sheffield isn't the greatest or even the prettiest town. I have to drive through the industrial area, and it's not a pretty sight, but the moors and easily accessible beauty spots like Matlock are only

an hour's drive away. I even once went fishing in a boat off Bridlington. It only cost £1.50 each and we went out in this little boat . . . there were about two dozen men on board and I was the only girl. You should have seen the looks I got. It pitched and rolled something awful and when we eventually got off Flamborough head in the fishing ground, I was sick over the side. Oh it was awful, there was nothing I could do, I couldn't go ashore, we were miles out and I had another two hours of it. Needless to say I didn't catch a single fish. Everyone else caught dozens. Oh it was so embarrassing, but a lot of fun now I can look back and see the funny side of it.' Janice lights a cigarette, flicks her long black hair behind her shoulder. 'Men? Now that's tough. I like fairly tall ones, blonds, rugged looking, but not in an effeminate way and not too pushy, for no matter what most men think of me, I much prefer to be gently led.'

BRIDGET

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Summer down in the West Country conjures up visions of sunshine, superb scenery and easy living. Lazing around by a pool, for instance, like 24-year-old Bridget Tremayne. Bridget is a native of Torquay, a resort much-favoured by holiday-makers. 'Not that I favour them much, I'm afraid,' remarks Bridget with just a hint of disdain. 'I'm not really a crowd-loving gregarious type and at this time of year it can get a bit much. Spring and autumn

are infinitely more pleasant. One of the troubles is that some of the men who come here for their holidays seem to think it's almost obligatory to tumble a local girl before they go back home. They take one look at me and automatically assume that because I've got fairly large breasts I'm an easy lay. It can get terribly tiresome fighting them off and besides, I'm quite happy with the men who live here. I did go out with one tourist once, I must admit though. He chatted me up quite well and took me to dinner at the Imperial which I in fact quite often go to on a Saturday night for a meal. Then as soon as I was fed, he started trying to grope me and he wasn't even subtle about it – just placed one paw round my breasts and tried to get the other up my skirt. He kept on going on about what fabulous boobs I'd got – it's 39–25–36 since you ask – and what he'd like to do to me in bed. In the end, I told him how pathetically boring and unsexy he was, which deflated him considerably if you follow my meaning.' Bridget grins. 'You must be

rapidly coming to the conclusion that I'm some terrible old virginal harridan. I'm not. Neither am I a raving nymphomaniac. Everything in moderation is my motto and that goes for sex too. It depends entirely on what kind of mood I happen to be in. Some days I might fancy going to Cockington Forge, which is a little picture-postcard village near here and not, as I suspect *you* think, some bawdy blacksmith; or maybe sailing – I can't wait for the new marina complex to open by the way, it's going to be marvellous; other times, yes, this is what you're waiting for, isn't it? I get in the mood for love – to coin a phrase. I suppose it does take a certain kind of man to get through to me, as I can be quite forceful – I don't suffer fools or incompetents. If a man can get the better of me, I'll be totally his, but if he's maybe not too sure of himself, I'll just end up dominating him and that's not a basis for a relationship. Strong men only need apply!'

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / BRIDGET TREMAYNE

OLIVIA

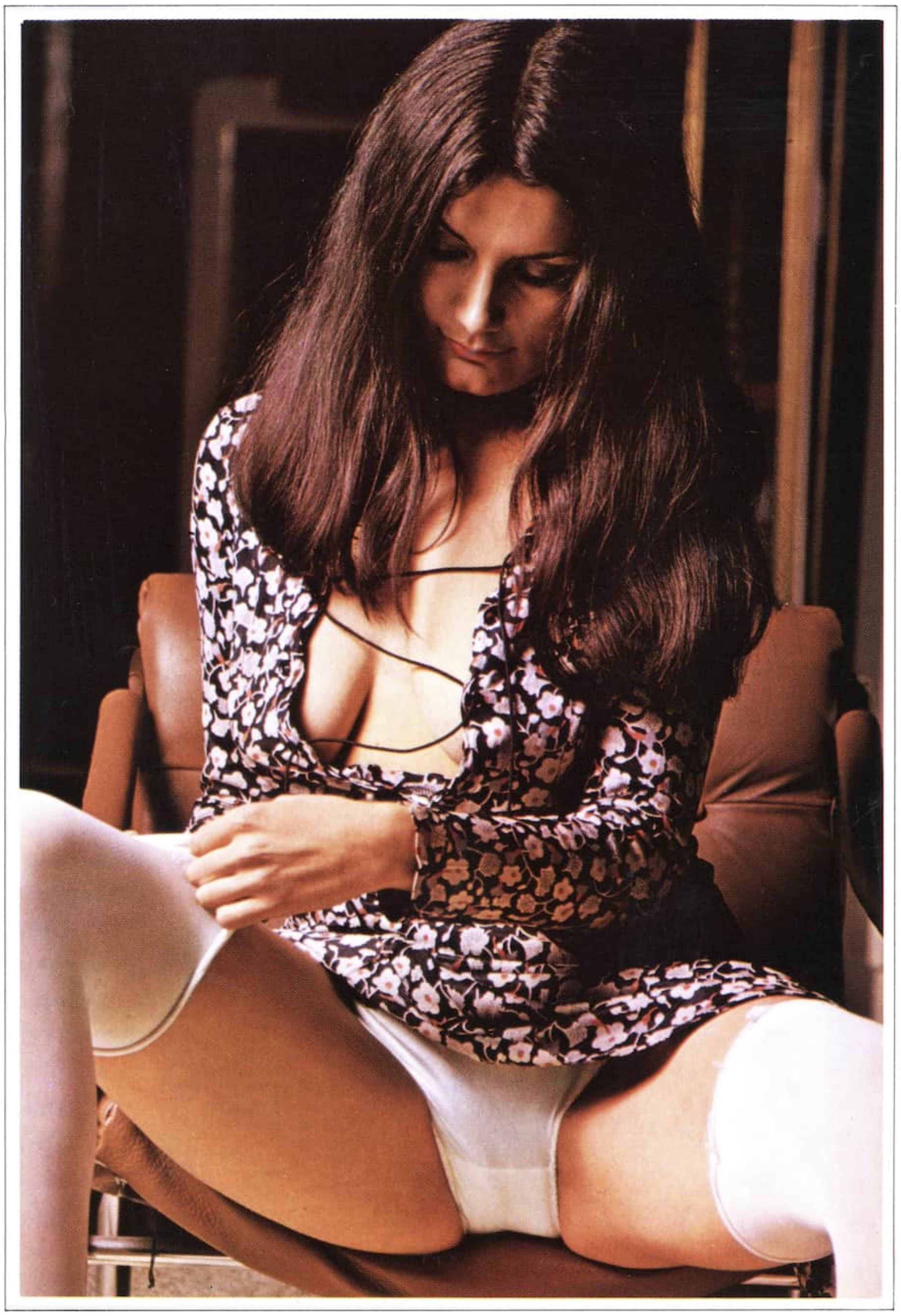
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

There are some who claim that they never forget a pretty face. So for those of you with memories stacked high with mental file-cards on girls whom you've fancied, here's a question: Who remembers Olivia Paddon? Or to be more precise, who could possibly forget Olivia Paddon – she is, after all, one of the most popular girls ever to be featured in *Mayfair* and her two appearances to date, one solo and

one with the equally delicious Inga Britt, have provoked a shoal of letters from you expressing everything from undying love to suggestions of a rather more basic nature. So here she is again, now a cool and mature 26 and a figure that's perfection personified, 36–23–35. When Shrewsbury-born Olivia first crossed our path, she was working as a secretary in Manchester, living in Macclesfield and sporting a red Jensen Healey. The lure of modelling then took her all over the Continent in addition to the USA. 'It's been', agrees Olivia, 'a very hectic couple of years. I

haven't spent nearly enough time at home with the result that I've almost completely lost touch with all of my old friends.' She grins. 'I don't think I've changed very much though. I'm still the same old fruity female

I always was. I've kept in touch with Inga – we're good pals and still go out on the prowl together from time-to-time. Now I'm back for a while, we can have some more fun and games. If our previous jaunts are anything to go by, watch out all men!'



NICOLA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE McLEAN

For those of you with expensive tastes, nothing but the best will suffice. Your champagne is Dom Perignon; your car is a Rolls; your clothes are from Savile Row and your store is Harrods – arguably the most famous establishment of its type in the world. Harrods' discreet and genteel portals are about the last place you'd expect to find a girl willing to strip and bare all for the camera: the staff are, after all, not exactly world-renowned for their erotic appeal. A shining exception to this rule though is 24-year-old Nicola James, a former Harrods secretary-bird who arrived at *Mayfair's* offices one afternoon with modelling in mind. Raven-haired, hazel-eyed Nicola, who sports a perfectly-proportioned 5 feet 7 inch, 36–24–36 figure, was born in Bournemouth – the southcoast's answer to foreign sun-spots – and to those that perhaps might not know her well, she presents a slightly daunting and stern front. Rest easy, though, Gentlemen, all is sweetness and light once

her initial reserve has been overcome. 'I didn't go out with boys till I was 19,' explains Nicola. 'I was really quite a studious type – still am I suppose. I'm not the kind of girl who can have several relationships going at the same time. I like having one boyfriend at a time and even then I have to know him for quite a while before I feel that I can trust him fully. It probably sounds like a bit of a contradiction especially as I'm sitting here starkers, but I don't see myself as a sex-object and I don't like to be treated as one either. It's nice to be courted in the old-fashioned sense. I guess I must appeal to some men because I've already turned down five proposals! Really! I just don't think I'm ready for marriage yet – it'll happen in time.' Nicola laughs. 'I must appear a terribly prim and proper Miss to you, but even with my fondness for Romance with a capital 'R', I don't spend all my time in an ivory tower waiting for Sir Galahad to appear on a snow-white charger. I like going out to discos, especially the *Bird-in-Hand* on

the Bournemouth front. And I like all types of music from Bach to Elvis Presley. Different music for different moods. It's difficult to be sexy to the Bay City Rollers! As for men, they've got to be fairly intellectual types. Not boringly intellectual, but interestingly so. What else do I like? Well, I once went across America on a 99-dollar Greyhound bus ticket – that was great. I love travelling actually. And the theatre. And romantic historical novels. Oh God, there I go again. I won't mention the word any more. Promise. Turn my attention towards another subject. Anything! Jean Plaidy? You are a wicked sod, you're taking the mickey. Yes, actually I *do* like her very much. It really can't come as that much of a surprise after everything I've told you so far. You know me better now than I know myself – all my little secrets. No, that's not totally true, I mean I wouldn't tell you *everything*. A girl's got to have a few things she keeps just to herself. Retain some of the mystery. My lips are sealed, you'll just have to speculate!'

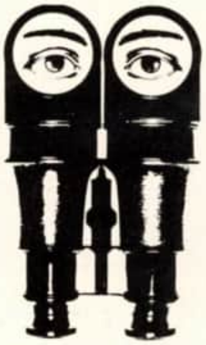
LONE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
CHRISTER FLODQVIST

Nineteen-year-old Lone (pronounced *Lona*) Christensen doesn't like Englishmen. 'They play jokes,' she complains in the see-saw accents of her native Sweden. Shaking loose spun-gold hair over shoulders bared for the sun, she explains: 'Last year I was an au pair

for a family in Leeds—to improve my English—and I used to go to a discotheque with another Swedish girl who was my friend at home. We met two boys there and one I liked very much, but I was talking to his friend and I asked him, "How does a girl in England ask a boy to take her out?" And this boy said to me: "We have an expression that girls use in Leeds. You must say, 'I think you are very nice. We must go and have focky-focky together.' " So when the boy I liked asked me to dance again I said this. First he went very red, then he burst out laughing and explained what I was saying to him. I have never been so embarrassed.' Fortunately Lone's command of English – and mischief-making Englishmen – has improved since then – so much so that on a brief nostalgic holiday here we persuaded her to bare her 34–23–34 inches for our lens. 'I think some Englishmen are nicer than others,' she concluded after the session, her expression slipping into a mock-demure moue which suggests she might not be entirely serious. Come again, Lone; we promise not to focky you about.

SCENE



Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

Angel Tomkins, whose photoset begins on page 12, is the latest in a long line of cinema and TV actresses to appear in our pages. Your letters keep us well in touch with your current fancies, so we're constantly on the lookout for familiar faces to feature. Our picture, (above), shows the familiar face of Lee Marvin casting a quizzical, yet appreciative eye over Angel's provocative and shapely curves. Angel and Lee starred in *Prime Cut* and it was this appearance that triggered off your many letters requesting a *Mayfair* spread on this blonde American actress. Angel's one stipulation before agreeing to be photographed was 'no pubes'. Whilst this led to a departure from our normal policy, we agreed, and pubes or no, we're pleased about the way the set's turned out. So keep on telling us about your favourite famous females.

Judging by the crowds that we see staggering from the hi-fi emporiums in London's Tottenham Court Road laden with armfuls of stereo goodies, the boom in sound systems is far from over. Of course, getting hold of a system is one thing, looking after it is another, so we were particularly taken by a new range of kits put out by the Memorex company which are designed to keep your equipment in peak condition. We tested the Cassette Cleaning Kit and the Record Care Kit and found them very good indeed; the former coming in especially useful in cleaning the delicate cassette deck mechanisms which otherwise are difficult to get at and easily damaged. Memorex's entire range of care kits also takes in 8-track systems, which should please all with car stereo players, and are available at hi-fi dealers.

Our collective minds were blown recently by the arrival at our offices of the most hilariously outrageous sex-toy we've ever come across. Would you believe *edible* knickers? Called 'Candypants', they're an American idea now marketed in this country by the Innovative Marketing International Company. 'Candypants' come in men and women's sizes and give you a choice of two flavours – Banana Split and Wild Cherry. Firm believers in field-testing, one of our intrepid editorial staff tried out 'Candypants' and reports that the pants look like translucent oilskin, but taste delicious, with the liquorice drawstrings being particularly toothsome. Beware bright red/yellow marks on your bum afterwards though, and *don't* try wearing them like ordinary pants: they're strictly fun only.

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LETTERS

This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Only those letters bearing the name and full address of the writer can be used, but upon request, we will reduce them to initials and town of origin. Unsigned letters will be discarded.

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I recently took the photo (above right) on an old building site and thought it may raise a few laughs from fellow readers.

The site was Venestas Ltd in Erith, Kent. The brick was found beside a demolished canteen and toilets area in a large abandoned factory. I only found one of the make around. I would love to hear from anyone who can shed some light on the subject.

David Barnes, Erith, Kent

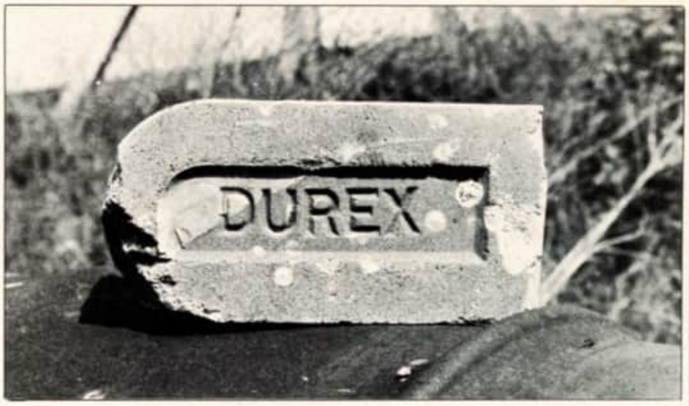
As any collector of bricka-brac will tell you this bull-nose specimen is, in all probability, a gag. It is quite simple to chisel a message onto a brick, and even simpler if you happen to work in a brickworks and can imprint your message before the brick is fired. Alternatively it's a product of the London Prick Company.

Looking through a friend's copy of *Mayfair*, I was most impressed with the article by William Boddy on the Austin Seven (Vol 10 No 4). The article brought back many memories for me and I wonder now if I could call upon fellow readers for some help.

I emigrated to Canada in 1966 and shipped my own Austin Six over the following year. In July of that year it travelled to Montreal from Nova Scotia as part of Canada's 1967 Centennial and Antique Auto Tour, which concluded with a display of over a hundred antique North American (and a few British autos at Expo '67. Since, I have taken part in and displayed my Six at a number of less arduous tours in Eastern Canada. Indeed, last year I had to turn down, for personal reasons, the opportunity to participate in the Cross-Canada trip to Calgary from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to celebrate Calgary's centennial. I have no doubts that the vehicle would have completed the trip.

Now, I will call upon fellow *Mayfair* readers for that help. Basically, I would be grateful for any information concerning my Austin Six: its past history, previous owners, etc. Its registration number was YYO 808. I believe it had two previous owners. The body is of aluminium. That's about all I can relay. Can you fill in any more details?

Mike S Stanley, Box 3533, South Postal Station, Halifax, Nova Scotia



Perhaps a new means of cementing relationships? See first letter.

You did well to make up to Miss Zoe Evans (Vol 11 No 5) for the Royal Academy's foolish rejection of her portrait and to allow your readers to share the delight of the audience at the opening when the enchanting Miss Zoe was 'flirting about like mad' in a short-skirted see-through dress. I am reminded of a forgotten episode of old Vienna. At the Austrian Academy's exhibition of 1912, the Emperor Francis Joseph was scandalised by a portrait by a revolutionary young Hungarian artist. It showed an exquisite young lady crossing a stream. To do so she had lifted her skirt, showing her knee-length white-muslin drawers. Worst of all, the Emperor recognised the young lady as one of his wife's ladies-in-waiting – the beautiful Hungarian Countess Alexandra Karolyanyi.

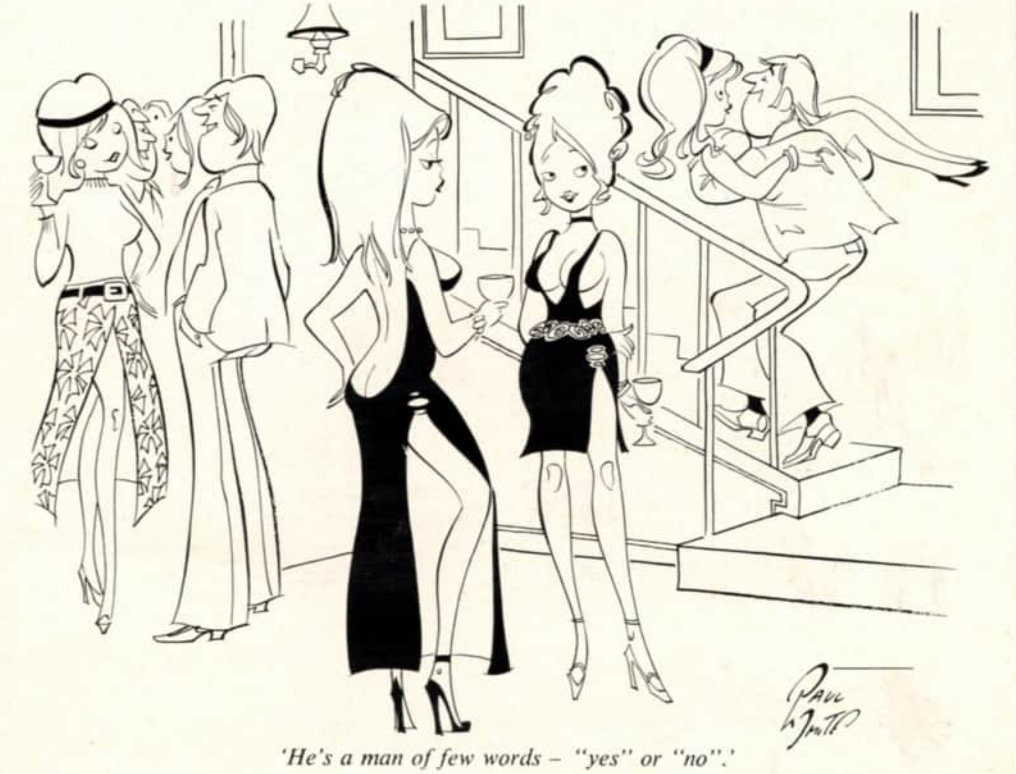
That evening the countess was summoned to a private room in the Palace, where she found the formidable mistress of the robes, accompanied by one of the tutors of the Emperor's grandchildren. After a short but very sharp scolding the delinquent beauty was made to bend over with her skirts turned up, and the tutor, using a long, thin, pliant cane, laid a dozen stinging strokes across the tight-stretched seat of Alexandra's dainty and provoking knickers.

Is Miss Zoe sorry she did not live in Imperial Vienna? The picture of her on page 15, bending with her bare behind exposed as though for a whipping, would not suggest it.

Jacob Boehme, Oxford

I would like to relate an experience that I had four years ago and which even now gives me an itch in my fanny when I think of it. I was happily married with three children;

turn to page 10



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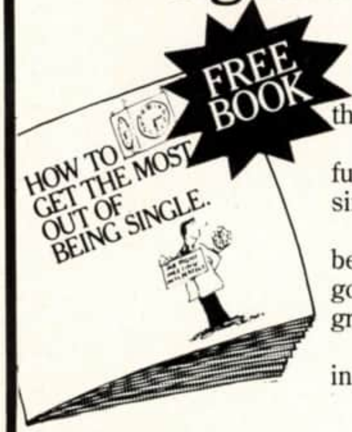
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LETTERS

continued from page 9

my husband was 35 and I was 33. I worked behind the bar at a hotel – I was a part owner – and had done so for ten years. Weekends were always something to look forward to since we usually had entertainers.

One Saturday evening a coloured boy turned up with his electric guitar. His name was Jasper and after setting up his equipment he joined me for a drink in the bar. He had well-formed facial features and was very good-looking – soft, brown eyes which twinkled as they looked at you, pink lips and a gentle, soft voice. He went down well with the patrons and he was given further bookings.

After a fortnight with us, I began to crave him. A week later I had a party and invited him. As it turned out he came with three college chums and try as I did, I could not get him to stay the night. (I should explain that my husband hates parties and always goes and stays with a neighbour-friend when I hold them).

A fortnight after and it was my daughter's birthday. Again I held a party and invited my guitarist but told him he was not to bring anyone else. I was aching to feel his deep-tanned manhood and all during that Saturday I quivered every time I thought of him between my legs.

The party went on till the early hours of Sunday morning and luck was on my side – of the three couples left, none had a car. I arranged sleeping accommodation for the other couples and suggested that my dark friend sleep on the settee as the college was five or so miles away. He agreed and I made him up a bed and some coffee to wake us up. I then bid him goodnight and went into the bedroom, where I changed into my sexiest see-through nightie. I lit a fag and went downstairs – he was just dropping off, his clothes were piled on the floor. 'Can I finish my fag in here?' I asked, 'I don't like smoking in the bedroom.' I switched on the light and saw his hairy chest for the first time, precipitating a wave of moisture in my slit. He noticed I was nude underneath my nightie but pretended not to have seen.

So, it was up to me, to set the ball rolling. I went to the settee and asked if I could lie down with him for awhile. I had my back to him; my heart was thumping; my breathing was twice as fast as normal; my whole body was shaking with expectation. Slowly, his arms caressed my bosom, then they moved to my thighs and finally to my crack which, by then, was aching with the desire for immediate penetration. He removed my nightie and kissed me hard and long, all the time his hands massaging my damp slit. He continued rubbing until I felt a lump in my throat. I was beginning to come. He stopped, opened my thighs wide, and slid between them. My orgasm, hanging in mid-air, began to slip away then I began to feel something soft rubbing on my clitoris—he was rubbing himself on me. My orgasm was coming again . . . this time it was rushing.

'Now, now!' I cried. I remember the moment to this day. My breath left me as I screamed in pain and passion: his tool filled the length and breath of my grotto. I came after five strokes. Five gorgeous strokes as he sank his tool in and then traversed a circle with his rock-hard member while our hairs mingled, before withdrawing until he was nearly out and plunging in again. He wasn't long in coming himself about another four or five thrusts. We spent the rest of the night in my marriage bed. He was literally insatiable. The affair ended, as all good things have a habit of doing, but only after we had made love in his digs, behind the bar after closing time, in the lecture block and at the bus station.

He's back in his own country now and married. His wife is a very lucky girl. But I'm lucky too, having experienced the amorous desires of a South Pacific islander.

Mrs J S B, Cheltenham, Glos

I am in the army and have just spent a week on merry Dartmoor, getting very wet and cold. At the end I was knackered and in an effort to get the blood surging through my veins I bought a number of men's magazines.

However, nothing happened. They seemed full of letters asking for more shaved fannies, or black women with big knockers. If you catered for all wishes one would have a girl

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LETTERS

continued from page 10

dressed in suspenders, plastic mac, riding boots, with a whip, bent over a chair, getting serviced by an Alastian wearing rubber pants, a leather coat and a nurse's hat. They all seemed a bit stupid.

It wasn't until I picked up *Mayfair* and turned to the centre pages and Joanie (Vol 10 No 11) that my views changed. I hadn't been so impressed with a woman since I was ten and fell in love with Susan Hampshire. But it wasn't particularly her fantastic body which caught my eye . . . it was her smile. And her eyes look so kind . . . they are the sort (as in the words of that famous song) which will flash and send you crashing through the ceiling. She truly is a work of nature.

(Name withheld) RMA, Sandhurst

I was deeply shaken when my wife was involved in a motor vehicle accident last year. As a result of the crash she ended up having her four upper-front teeth replaced by a partial denture. She was upset at the time, but we both soon got over it and were back to love-making as frantically as ever.

One good thing did come of it, however. My wife, after removing her denture, can perform the most exquisite fellatio. The feeling as my glans rub up and down against her canine teeth is absolutely fantastic and my wife tells me that when I come, it tastes even better than before. I am told that it is common for the Bantu in South Africa to have their upper teeth extracted just so they can perform this very service for their men-folk.

F M, Perth, Australia

So that's what's meant by taking the bit between your teeth.

For the past five years I have been a very devoted reader of *Mayfair* – by far the best magazine of its type on sale today.

I belong to an aircraft preservation group, namely the Essex Historical Aircraft Society, and I just had to write and thank you for the article 'Back In The Sky' (Vol 11 No 4). The Society members excavate and restore the parts of crashed World War Two aircraft in and around the Essex area.

I have waited impatiently for an article on this subject but at last I am rewarded. In my opinion the Strathallan Collection is one of the best privately-owned collections in the country. The excellent restoration job done on the Hurricane 11B must have been that much more difficult, owing to the fact that it spent 12 years as a child's toy in a back-yard in Canada.

R J Pickett, Grays, Essex

My boyfriend, Stuart, and I are students at a polytechnic. He's an avid reader of *Mayfair* and I also read it whenever I get the chance. I find the pictures of naked women far more of a turn-on than those of nude men in the new breed of 'women's magazines'.

Of course, Stuart realised my fascination with the female body and suggested, quite jokingly, that I ought to get myself a girlfriend as well for a bit of variety.

Thinking about this later when Stuart had gone down to the pub with his friends Mike and Peter, I got extremely wet and pulled my panties off and masturbated furiously while thinking of some of your lovely models. In the middle of my climax, Jan, my flatmate walked in and saw me through the open bedroom door, lying on the bed with my legs wide open and my lips all moist.

She walked into the room and calmly said 'You don't want to waste your energy doing it that way love, you ought to get yourself a vibrator like mine.'

I'd never used a vibrator so I asked Jan how one used one. She said she would show me and went into her room. I followed her in my semi-naked state and sat on the bed. She rummaged about in her wardrobe and produced a great black phallus-shaped vibrator. Then she told me to take off all my clothes, which I did – she stripped nude too.

As she stood in the half-light I couldn't help but admire her firm breasts with pointed nipples, and this in turn got me very excited. She lay on the bed, her long blonde hair falling all over the pillow. She handed me the vibrator, showed me how it worked and told

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LETTERS

continued from page 107

me to rub it on and around her clit, and put my fingers up her cunt. I did as she asked which brought her to a quick and thrashing orgasm.

'It's your turn now,' she said, when she'd sufficiently recovered. I quivered with excitement and handed her the vibrator.

'I won't need that, I've got something much better,' she said.

Before I could look up she had buried her head in my crotch – her tongue wriggling in and out and all around. My head and body exploded and we continued our love-making for several hours until, exhausted, we fell asleep.

The next thing I remember was Stuart standing over me waking me up. He had his mates and another girl with him. 'Seems you took me at my word, eh?' he chuckled.

I was so embarrassed because the boys were laughing and I quickly got dressed.

Later that night I recovered from my embarrassment and when the lads who were, by this time pretty boozy, started shouting 'Strip, strip.' I responded by wiggling and peeling and was quickly joined by Jan and the other girl. Anyway to cut the story short, it developed into a group sex encounter – a pleasure which we have repeated many times since.

Miss A W, Whitechapel,
London E1

Mayfair forever! Cult of nice buttocks forever, and much better than poor faces and imperfect breasts. But may I ask for your photographers a little more fancy? Not all the time nude in the interior. According new views of environment, I should like to make my request – Nudes in Nature.

Nudes in the meadow: leaning on a barrier, bottom in front sculptural enlightened, waiting for the stallion.

Nudes in the tree: standing high up, not sitting on branch, better hanging, buttocks on man-face height.

Nudes in the mountain: human grotto near hock holes.

Nudes at the sea-shore: the foam against the bottom, please the face of the model not important.

Nudes underwater, bottom good exposed. Everywhere in nature.

And no motor nudes: evil smell of gas, oil!

Please take wealthy models, not tiny apes.

D. Roisin, Brussels, Belgium

Gee *Mayfair*, what a fantabulous magazine you are. I am a 19-year-old Canadian girl and originally came to Edmonton from a little town in the very north of Alberta. It was a logging town and there wasn't anything there except screw-happy men. So I came to Edmonton about six or so months ago to live with my 27-year-old sister. Volume 11 No 2 is the first *Mayfair* I've seen and it is much better than the two Ps. The girls are all beautiful and the pictures themselves are all well-taken. I love Quest and the write-in columns as well. I would like to tell you of a few experiences I have had since the age of eleven. I started to be a woman then, slowly. When I was 13 I had a woman's body and my breasts were size 34. My vagina was fully covered with hair and my vaginal lips were very, very big. My triangle was very bulgy, too. From then on, my own body has been a big turn-on for me. I came home from school one day when I was 15; the rest of the family was out so I decided to make myself feel sexy. I undressed, nude, and got my big dressing table mirror out of my bedroom and took it into the eating room and set it up on a chair. Then I got onto the table with a pillow for my head and watched as I masturbated myself. I didn't realise that my uncle next door could see through the window. He walked straight in and said that if I wouldn't let him make love to me, he would tell my parents. So I let him. It was very lucky I didn't get pregnant. I hated him after that though.

When I came to stay with my sister we decided to sleep together as it would save her buying another bed.

My sister is so beautiful and sexy and I love her and her body as much as I do my own. She is 5 feet 8 inches tall and is 42–27–37. Her breasts droop quite a lot, but they are well-looked-after. Her nipples extend only ½ an inch when she is fully excited. Her face, legs and behind are beautiful; her areolae are quite small. Then there is her pubic area; it is

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good vibrations!

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LETTERS

continued from page 109

very puffy and bulgy and her lips are just Heavenly. And, she always smells lovely. I love kissing her all over and it is really out of this world when I lick her vagina – all over.

Myself, I am 5 feet 9½ inches tall and measure 40–23–34. Because I am thin, my breasts look even bigger than you imagine. They are firm and beautifully shaped. My areolae are enormous – each is 5¾ inches in diameter. My nipples are normally ½ an inch long, but when they are excited they are over 1½ inches long, going on for 2 inches. For a mind blowing experience if you're a girl, try letting another woman lick you while simultaneously you lick and suck your own breasts and nipples. Then you do it to them. You will love it. Then lick and suck each other's breasts.

I am really quite hot now, and my breasts are throbbing. My nipples are big and my areolae are puffy. I have to go . . .

Miss A S, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

After reading Sheridan P Taylor's letter in Vol 11 No 4, I felt I just had to write to express my wholehearted agreement with his reactions to Eleanor Chisholm who appeared nude in Vol 11 No 2.

I have been reading *Mayfair* for a year now, and she is by far the most gorgeous girl to appear in your pages in this time. She has the most beautifully rounded, sexy bottom, which she presented absolutely delightfully on pages 52 (top right) and 56 (bottom left) in addition to a very squeezeable bosom and extremely kissable lips. My verdict: its fabulous. I must also congratulate you on the many other beautiful girls whom I have had the pleasure to see in your pages. My favourites, in order, are: Carol Bridger (Vol 10 No 8); Rachael Broome and Helen Trask (Vol 11 No 3); Sylvia Drayton (Vol 10 No 11) and Lindy Benson (Vol 10 No 9)

In conclusion I should like to know the name of the girl who appears in the Fabergé advertisement often featured in your Magazine and elsewhere? Her face is like a dream; welcoming; expectant even. Her eyes are just plain seductive. It's more than cologne I'd like to give her.

Would it be possible to do a pictorial on this seductive girl?

Michael L Taylor, London E11

The girl in question is none other than Geraldine Hinchcliffe who appeared nude in our Vol 10 No 4. Here's a refresher (*left*)!

I have always wondered whether any other husbands keep a record of the number of times they have had intercourse since they were married. I married when I was very young and now three years later I estimate that I have fucked my wife 486 times since I wrote this letter. As you can imagine, I really enjoy sex!

R B, St Albans, Herts

You mean you had it away 486 times in the six days it took your letter to reach us . . . Beats the 'innings' of W G Grace, indeed!

Congratulations on your last Brendan and Carol story in Vol 11 No 5. My wife and I enjoy them enormously. Any chance of more?

T Stanley, Wapping.

Watch out for our next issue!

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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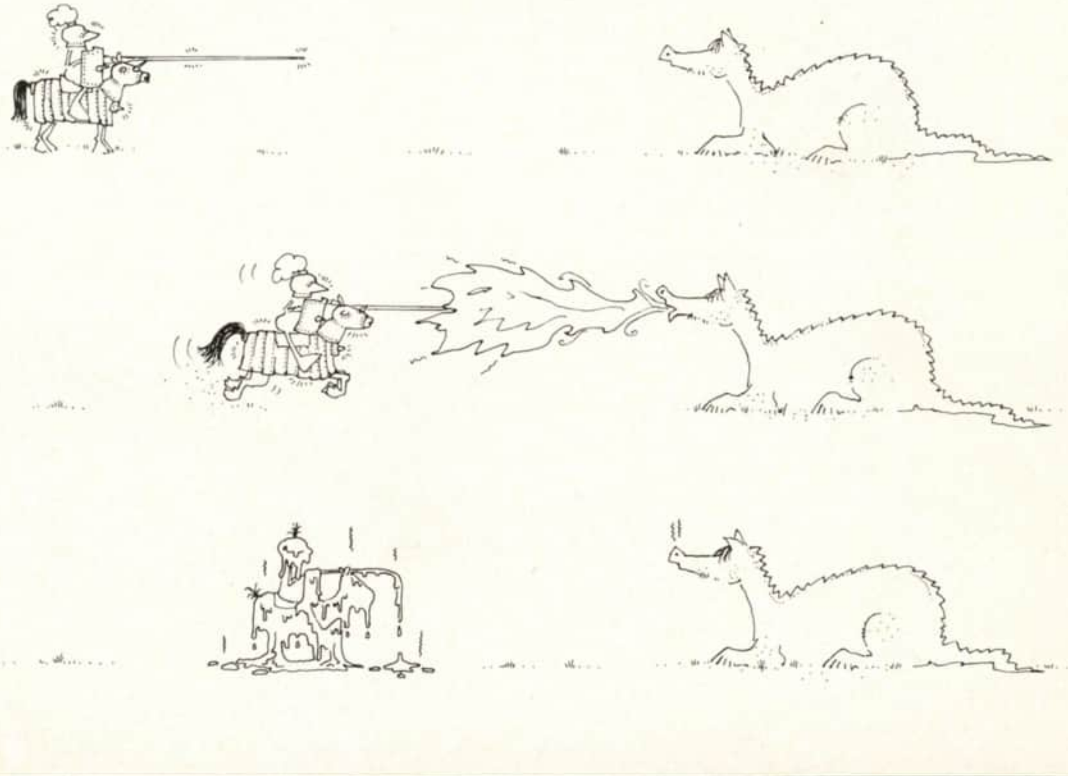

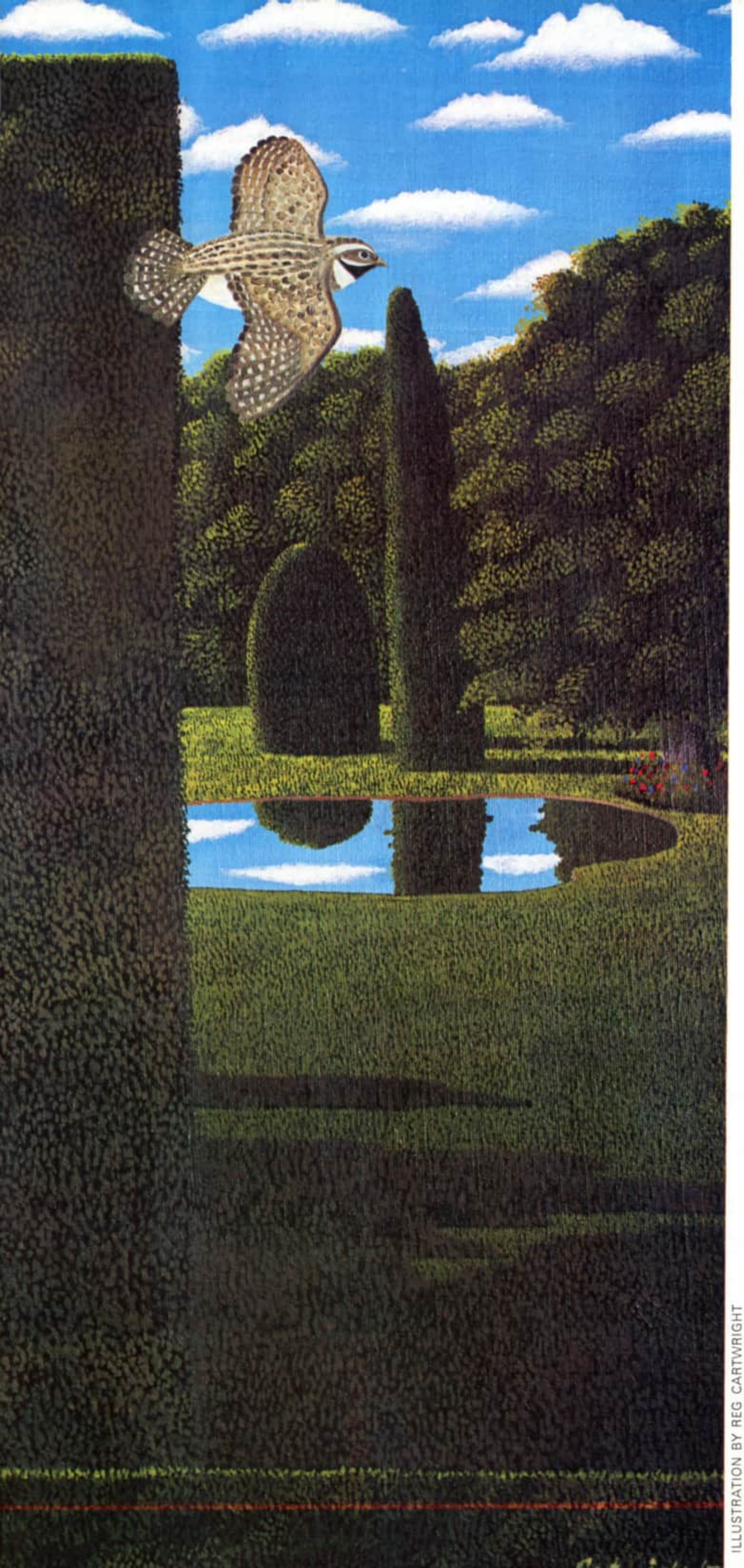

All she had ever wanted was peace and stillness, like the white bird in the garden. All Harry had ever wanted was her

THE WHITE QUAIL

Fiction by John Steinbeck

The wall opposite the fireplace in the living room was a big dormer window stretching from the cushioned window seats almost to the ceiling – small diamond panes set in lead. From the window, preferably if you were sitting on the window seat, you could look across the garden and up the hill. There was a stretch of shady lawn under the garden oaks – around each oak there was a circle of carefully tended earth in which grew cinerarias, big ones with loads of flowers so heavy they bent the stems over, and ranging in colour from scarlet to ultramarine. At the edge of the lawn, a line of fuchsias grew like little symbolic trees. In front of the fuchsias lay a shallow garden pool, the coping flush with the lawn for a very good reason.

Right at the edge of the garden, the hill started up, wild with cascara bushes and poison oak, with dry grass and live oak, very wild. If you didn't go around to the front of the house you couldn't tell it was on the very edge of the town.

Mary Teller, Mrs Harry E Teller, that is, knew the window and the garden were Right and she had a very good reason for knowing. Hadn't she picked out the place years ago where the house and garden would be? Hadn't she seen the house and the garden a thousand times while the place was still a dry flat against the shoulder of a hill? For that matter, hadn't she, during five years, looked at every attentive man and wondered whether he and that garden would go together? She didn't think so much, 'Would this man like such a garden?' but, 'Would the garden like such a man?' For the garden was herself, and after all she had to marry someone she liked.

When she met Harry Teller, the garden seemed to like him. It may have surprised him a little when, after he had proposed and was waiting sulkily for his answer, as men do, Mary broke into a description of a big dormer window and a garden with a lawn and oak trees and cinerarias and then a wild hill.

He said, 'Of course,' rather perfunctorily.

Mary asked, 'Do you think it's silly?'

He was waiting a little sullenly. 'Of course not.'

And then she remembered that he had

ILLUSTRATION BY REG CARTWRIGHT

proposed to her, and she accepted him, and let him kiss her. She said, 'There will be a little cement pool flush with the lawn. Do you know why? Well, there are more birds on that hill than you'd ever think, yellowhammers and wild canaries and red-wing blackbirds, and of course sparrows and linnets, and lots of quail. Of course they'll be coming down to drink there, won't they?'

She was very pretty. He wanted to kiss her over and over, and she let him. 'And fuchsias,' she said. 'Don't forget fuchsias. They're like little tropical Christmas trees. We'll have to have the lawn raked every day to keep the oak leaves clear.'

He laughed at her. 'You're a funny little bug. The lot isn't bought, and the house isn't built, and the garden isn't planted; and already you're worrying about oak leaves on the lawn. You're so pretty. You make me kind of – hungry.'

That startled her a little. A little expression of annoyance crossed her face. But nevertheless she let him kiss her again, and then sent him home and went to her room, where she had a little blue writing desk and on it a copy book to write things in. She took up a pen, of which the handle was a peacock feather, and she wrote, 'Mary Teller' over and over again. Once or twice she wrote, 'Mrs Harry E Teller.'

The lot was bought and the house was built, and they were married. Mary drew a careful plan of the garden, and when the workmen were putting it in she didn't leave them alone for a moment. She knew to an inch where everything should be. And she drew the shape of the shallow pool for the cement workers, a kind of heart-shaped pool with no point at the bottom with gradually sloping edge so the birds could drink easily.

Harry watched her with admiration. 'Who could tell that such a pretty girl could have so much efficiency?' he said.

That pleased her, too; and she was very happy, so that she said, 'You can plant some of the things you like in the garden, if you want.'

'No, Mary, I like too much to see your own mind coming out in the garden. You do it all your own way.'

She loved him for that; but after all, it was her garden. She had invented it, and willed it, and she had worked out the colours too, so carefully. It really wouldn't have been nice if, for instance, Harry had wanted some flowers that didn't go with the garden.

At last the green lawn was up, and the cinerarias around the oak trees bloomed in sunken pots. The little fuchsia trees had been moved in so carefully that not a leaf wilted.

The window seats behind the dormer windows were piled with cushions covered with bright, fadeless fabrics, for the sun shone in a good part of the day.

Mary waited until it was all done, all finished exactly as her mind had seen it; and then one evening when Harry came home from the office, she led him to the window seat. 'You see,' she said softly. 'There it is, just the way I wanted it.'

'It's beautiful,' said Harry, 'very beautiful.'

'In a way I'm sad that it's done,' she said. 'But mostly I'm glad. We won't ever change it, will we, Harry? If a bush dies, we'll put another one just like it in the same place.'

'Curious little bug,' he said.

'Well, you see I've thought about it so long that it's a part of me. If anything should be changed it would be like part of me being torn out.'

He put out his hand to touch her, and then withdrew it. 'I love you so much,' he said, and then paused. 'But I'm afraid of you, too.'

She smiled quietly. 'You. Afraid of me? What's there about me to be afraid of?'

'Well, you're kind of untouchable. There's an inscrutability about you. Probably you don't even know it yourself. You're kind of like your own garden—fixed, and just so. I'm afraid to move around. I might disturb some of your plants.'

Mary was pleased. 'Dear,' she said. 'You let me do it. You made it my garden. Yes, you are dear.' And she let him kiss her.

He was proud of her when people came in to dinner. She was so pretty, so cool and perfect. Her bowls of flowers were exquisite, and she talked about the garden modestly, hesitantly, almost as though she were talking about herself. Sometimes

turn to page 35

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Henkell Trocken
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The White Quail

continued from page 18

she took her guests into the garden. She pointed to a fuchsia tree. 'I didn't know whether he would succeed,' she said, just as though the plant were a person. 'He ate a lot of plant food before he decided to come around.' She smiled quietly to herself.

She was delightful when she worked in the garden. She wore a bright print dress, quite long in the skirt, and sleeveless. Somewhere she had found an old-fashioned sunbonnet. She wore good sturdy gloves to protect her hands. Harry liked to watch her going about with a bag and a big spoon, putting plant food about the roots of her flowers. He liked it, too, when they went out at night to kill slugs and snails. Mary held the flashlight while Harry did the actual killing, crushing the slugs and snails into oozy, bubbling masses. He knew it must be a disgusting business to her, but the light never wavered. 'Brave girl,' he thought. 'She has a sturdiness behind that fragile beauty.' She made the hunts exciting too. 'There's a big one, creeping and creeping,' she would say. 'He's after that big bloom. Kill him! Kill him quickly!' They came into the house after the hunts laughing happily.

Mary was worried about the birds. 'They don't come down to drink,' she complained. 'Not many of them. I wonder what's keeping them away.'

'Maybe they aren't used to it yet. They'll come later. Maybe there's a cat around.'

Her face flushed and she breathed deeply. Her pretty lips tightened away from her teeth. 'If there's a cat, I'll put out poisoned fish,' she cried. 'I won't have a cat after my birds!'

Harry had to soothe her. 'I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll buy an air gun. Then if a cat comes, we can shoot it, and it won't kill the cat, but it'll hurt, and the cat won't come back.'

'Yes,' she said more calmly. 'That might be better.'

The living-room was very pleasant at night. The fire burned up in a sheet of flame. If there was a moon, Mary turned off the lights and then they sat looking through the window at the cool blue garden and the dark oak trees.

It was utterly calm and eternal out there. And then the garden ended and the dark thickets of the hill began.

'That's the enemy,' Mary said one time. 'That's the world that wants to get in, all rough and tangled and unkempt. But it can't get in because the fuchsias won't let it. That's what the fuchsias are there for, and they know it. The birds can get in. They live out in the wild, but they come to my garden for peace and for water.' She laughed softly. 'There's something profound in all that, Harry, I don't quite know what it is. The quail are beginning to come down now. At least a dozen were at the pool this evening.'

He said, 'I wish I could see the inside of your mind. It seems to flutter around, but it's a cool, collected mind. It's so – sure of itself.'

Mary went to sit on his lap for a moment.

'Not so awfully sure. You don't know, and I'm glad you don't.'

One night when Harry was reading his paper under the lamp, Mary jumped up. 'I left my garden scissors outside,' she said. 'The dew will rust them.'

Harry looked over his paper. 'Can't I get them for you?'

'No, I'll go. You couldn't find them.' She went out into the garden and found the shears, and then she looked in the window, into the living room. Harry was still reading his paper. The room was clear, like a picture, like the set of a play that was about to start. A curtain of fire waved up in the fireplace. Mary stood still and looked. There was the big, deep chair she had been sitting in a minute ago. What would she be doing if she hadn't come outside? Suppose only essence, only mind and sight had come, leaving Mary in the chair? She could almost see herself sitting there. Her round arms and long fingers were resting on the chair. Her delicate, sensitive face was in profile, looking reflectively into the firelight. 'What is she thinking about?' Mary whispered. 'I wonder what's going on in her mind. Will she get up? No, she's just sitting there. The neck of that dress is too wide, see how it slips sideways over the shoulder. But that's rather pretty. It looks careless, but neat and pretty. Now – she's smiling. She must be thinking something nice,'

Suddenly Mary came to herself and realized what she had been doing. She was delighted. 'There were two me's,' she thought. 'It was like having two lives, being able to see myself. That's wonderful. I wonder whether I can see it whenever I want to. I saw just what other people see when they look at me. I must tell Harry about that.' But then a new picture formed; she saw herself explaining, trying to describe what had happened. She saw him looking over his paper with an intent, puzzled, almost pained look in his eyes. He tried so hard to understand when she told him things. He wanted to understand, and he never quite succeeded. If she told him about this vision tonight, he would ask questions. He would turn the thing over and over, trying to understand it, until finally he ruined it. He didn't want to spoil the things she told him, but he just couldn't help it. He needed too much light on things that light shrivelled. No, she wouldn't tell him. She would want to come out and do it again, and she couldn't if he spoiled it.

Through the window she saw Harry put his paper down on his knee and look up at the door. She hurried in, showing him the shears to prove what she had gone for. 'See, the rust was forming already. They'd have been all brown and nasty by morning.'

He nodded and smiled at her. 'It says in the paper we're going to have more trouble with that new loan bill. They put a lot of difficulties in our way. Somebody has to loan money when people want to borrow.'

'I don't understand loans,' she said. 'Somebody told me your company had title to nearly every automobile in town.'

He laughed. 'Well, not all, but a good many of them, anyway. When times are a little bit hard, we make money.'

'It sounds terrible,' she observed. 'It

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LASSALVY

The White Quail

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sounds like taking an unfair advantage.' He folded the paper and put it on the table beside his chair. 'No, I don't think it's unfair,' he said. 'The people must have the money, and we supply it. The law regulates the interest rate. We haven't anything to do with that.'

She stretched her pretty arms and fingers on the chair, as she had seen them through the window. 'I suppose it really isn't unfair,' she said. 'It just sounds as though you took advantage of people when they were down.'

Harry looked seriously into the fire for a long time. Mary could see him, and she knew he was worrying about what she said. Well, it would do him no harm to see what business really was like. Things seemed righter when you did them than when you thought about them. A little mental housecleaning mightn't be a bad thing for Harry.

After a little, he looked over at her. 'Dear, you don't think it's unfair practice?'

'Why, I don't know anything about loans. How can I tell what is fair?'

Harry insisted, 'But do you *feel* it's unfair? Are you ashamed of my business? I wouldn't like it if you were.'

Suddenly Mary felt very glad and pleased. 'I'm not ashamed, silly. Every one has a right to make a living. You do what you do well.'

'You're sure, now?'

'Of course I'm sure, silly.'

After she was in bed in her own little bedroom she heard a faint click and saw the door knob turn, and then turn slowly back. The door was locked. It was a signal; there were things Mary didn't like to talk about. The lock was an answer to a question, a clean, quick, decisive answer. It was peculiar about Harry, though. He always tried the door silently. It seemed as though he didn't want her to know he had tried it. But she always did know. He was sweet and gentle. It seemed to make him ashamed when he turned the knob and found the door locked.

Mary pulled the light chain, and when her eyes had become accustomed to the dark, she looked out the window at her garden in the half moonlight. Harry was sweet, and understanding, too. That time about the dog. He had come running into the house, really running. His face was so red and excited that Mary had a nasty shock. She thought there had been an accident. Later in the evening she had a headache from the shock. Harry had shouted, 'Joe Adams – his Irish Terrier bitch had puppies. He's going to give me one! Thoroughbred stock, red as strawberries!' He had really wanted one of the pups. It hurt Mary that he couldn't have one. But she was proud of his quick understanding of the situation. When she explained how a dog would – do things on the plants of her garden, or even dig in her flower beds, how, worst of all, a dog would keep the birds away from the pool, Harry understood. He might have trouble with complicated things, like that vision from the garden, but he understood about the dog. Later in the evening, when her head ached, he soothed her and patted Florida Water on her head. That was the curse of imagination. Mary had seen, actually seen the dog in her garden, and the dug holes, and ruined plants. It was almost as bad as though it actually happened. Harry was ashamed, but really he couldn't help it if she had such an imagination. Mary couldn't blame him, how could he have known?

Late in the afternoon, when the sun had gone behind the hill, there was a time Mary called the really-garden-time. Then the high school girl was in from school and had taken charge of the kitchen. It was almost a sacred time. Mary walked out into the garden and across the lawn to a folding chair half behind one of the lawn oaks. She could watch the birds drinking in the pool from there. She could really *feel* the garden. When Harry came home from the office, he stayed in the house and read his paper until she came in from the garden, stareyed. It made her unhappy to be disturbed.

The summer was just breaking. Mary looked into the kitchen and saw that everything was all right there. She went through the living room and lighted the laid fire, and then she was ready for the garden. The sun had just dropped behind the hill, and the blue gauze of the evening had settled among the oaks.

Mary thought, 'It's like millions of not quite invisible fairies coming into my garden. You can't see one of them, but the millions change the colour of the air.' She smiled to herself at the nice thought. The clipped lawn was damp and fresh with watering. The brilliant cinerarias threw little haloes of colour into the air. The fuchsia trees were loaded with blooms. The buds, like little red Christmas tree ornaments, and the open blooms like ballet-skirted ladies. They were so *right*, the

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'I'm not at all sure that I like your attitude, Carstairs. You're supposed to fling your empty revolver down the slope, not hurl it at the enemy with a mouthful of shocking expletives, seize the nearest blunt object, don a pair of industrial boots and declare your predilection for a spot of the old hand-to-hand ultra-violence!'

The White Quail

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fuchsias, so absolutely right. And they discouraged the enemy on the other side, the brush and scrubby, untrimmed trees.

Mary walked across the lawn in the evening to her chair, and sat down. She could hear the birds gathering to come down to the pool. 'Making up parties,' she thought, 'coming into my garden in the evening. How they must love it! How I would like to come to my garden for the first time. If I could be two people – "Good evening, come into the garden, Mary." "Oh, isn't it lovely." "Yes, I like it, especially at this time. Quiet, now, Mary. Don't frighten the birds." ' She sat as still as a mouse. Her lips were parted with expectancy. In the brush the quail twittered sharply. A yellowhammer dropped to the edge of the pool. Two little flycatchers flickered out over the water and stood still in the air, beating their wings. And then the quail ran out, with funny little steps. They stopped and cocked their heads, to see whether it was safe. Their leader, a big fellow with a crest like a black question mark sounded the bugle-like 'All clear' call, and the band came down to drink.

And then it happened, the wonderful thing. Out of the brush ran a white quail. Mary froze. Yes, it was a quail, no doubt of it, and white as snow. Oh, this was wonderful! A shiver of pleasure, a bursting of pleasure swelled in Mary's breast. She held her breath. The dainty little white hen quail went to the other side of the pool, away from the ordinary quail. She paused and looked around, and then dipped her beak in the water.

'Why,' Mary cried to herself, 'she's like me!' A powerful ecstasy quivered in her body. 'She's like the essence of me, an essence boiled down to utter purity. She must be the queen of the quail. She makes every lovely thing that ever happened to me one thing.'

The white quail dipped her beak again and threw back her head to swallow.

The memories welled in Mary and filled her chest. Something sad, always something sad. The packages that came; untying the string was the ecstasy. The thing in the package was never quite –

The marvellous candy from Italy. 'Don't eat it, dear. It's prettier than it's good.' Mary never ate it, but looking at it was an ecstasy like this.

'Mary dear, be very brave now. Your father has – passed away.' The first moment of loss was an ecstasy like this.

The white quail stretched a wing backward and smoothed down the feathers with her beak. 'This is the me that was everything beautiful, the centre of me, my heart.'

The blue air became purple in the garden. The fuchsia buds blazed like little candles. And then a grey shadow moved out of the brush. Mary's mouth dropped open. She sat paralyzed with fear. A grey cat crept like death out of the brush, crept toward the pool and the drinking birds. Mary stared in horror. Her hand rose up to her tight throat. Then she broke the paralysis. She screamed terribly. The quail flew away on muttering wings. The cat bounded back into the brush. Still Mary screamed and screamed. Harry ran out of the house crying, 'Mary! What is it, Mary?'

She shuddered when he touched her. She began to cry hysterically. He took her up in his arms and carried her into the house, and into her own room. She lay quivering on the bed. 'What was it, dear? What frightened you?'

'It was a cat,' she moaned. 'It was creeping up on the birds.' She sat up; her eyes blazed. 'Harry, you must put out poison. Tonight you simply must put out some poison for that cat.'

'Lie back, dear. You've had a shock.'

'Promise me you'll put out poison.' She looked closely at him and saw a rebellious light come into his eyes. 'Promise.'

'Dear,' he apologized, 'some dog might get it. Animals suffer terribly with poison.'

'I don't care,' she cried. 'I don't want any animals in my garden, any kind.'

'No,' he said. 'I won't do that. No, I can't do that. But I'll get up early in the morning. I'll take the new air gun and I'll shoot that cat so he'll never come back.'

It was the first thing he had ever refused. She didn't know how to combat it; but her head ached, terribly. When it ached its worst he tried to make it up to her for refusing the poison. He kept a little pad soaked with Florida Water, and he patted it on her forehead. She wondered whether she should tell him about the white quail. He wouldn't believe it. But maybe if he knew how important it was, he might poison the cat. She waited until her nerves were calm before she told him.

'Dear, there was a white quail in the garden.'

'A white quail? Are you sure it wasn't a pigeon?'

There it was. Right from the first he spoiled it. 'I know quail,' she cried. 'It was quite close to me. A white hen quail.'

'That would be a thing to see,' he said. 'I never heard of one'.

'But I tell you I saw it.'

He dabbed at her forehead. 'Well, I suppose it was an albino. No pigment in the feathers, something like that.'

SCHOOL NOTICES
ROY NIXON

'But do you think it wise, headmaster, to have group activities immediately after the sex education film?'

She was growing hysterical again. 'You don't understand. That white quail was *me*, the secret me that no one can ever get at, the me that's deep inside.' Harry's face was contorted with the struggle to understand. 'Can't you see, dear? The cat was after me. It was going to kill me. That's why I want to poison it.' She studied his face. No, he didn't understand, he couldn't. Why had she told him? If she hadn't been so upset she never would have told him.

'I'll set my alarm clock,' he assured her. 'Tomorrow morning I'll give that cat something to remember.'

At ten o'clock he left her alone. And when he had gone Mary got up and locked the door.

His alarm clock bell awakened Mary in the morning. It was still dark in her room, but she could see the grey light of morning through the window. She heard Harry dressing quietly. He tiptoed past her door and went outside, closing the door silently for fear of awakening her. He carried the new shining air gun in his hand. The fresh grey morning air made him throw back his shoulders and step lightly over the damp lawn. He walked to the corner of the garden and lay down on his stomach in the wet grass.

The garden grew lighter. Already the quail were twittering metallically. The little brown band came to the edge of the brush and cocked their heads. Then the big leader called, 'All's well,' and his charges ran with quick steps to the pool. A moment later the white quail followed them. She went to the other side of the pool and dipped her beak and threw back her head. Harry raised the gun. The white quail tipped her head and looked toward him. The air gun spat with a vicious whisper. The quail flew off into the brush. But the white quail fell over and shuddered a moment, and lay still on the lawn.

Harry walked slowly over to her and picked her up. 'I didn't mean to kill it,' he said to himself. 'I just wanted to scare it away.' He looked at the white bird in his hand. Right in the head, right under the eye the BB shot had gone. Harry stepped to the line of fuchsias and threw the quail up into the brush. The next moment he put down the gun and crashed up through the undergrowth. He found the white quail, carried her far up the hill and buried her under a pile of leaves.

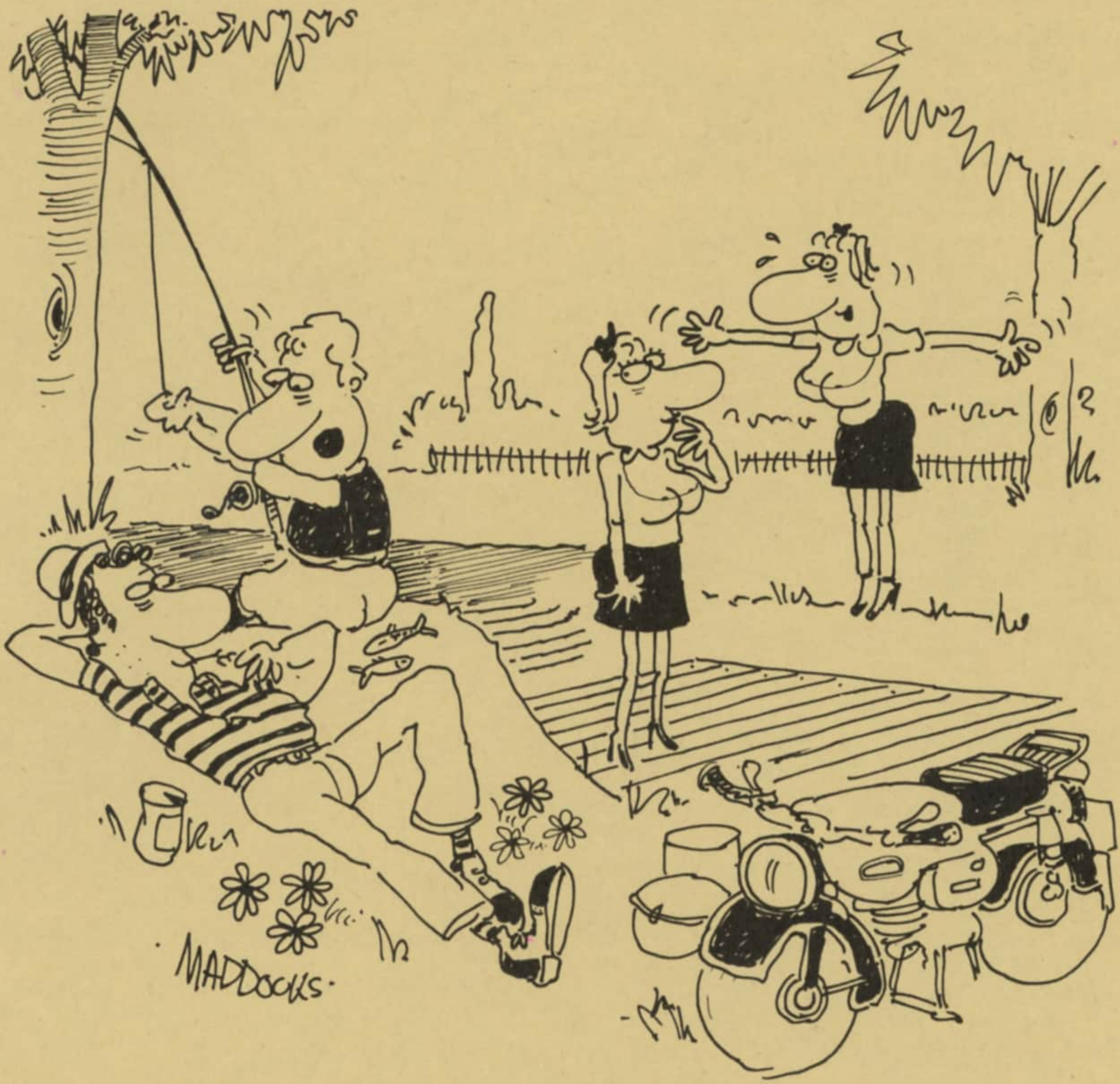
Mary heard him pass her door. 'Harry, did you shoot the cat?'

'It won't ever come back,' he said through the door.

'Well, I hope you killed it, but I don't want to hear the details.'

Harry walked on into the living room and sat down in a big chair. The room was still dusky, but through the big dormer window the garden glowed and the tops of the lawn oaks were afire with sunshine.

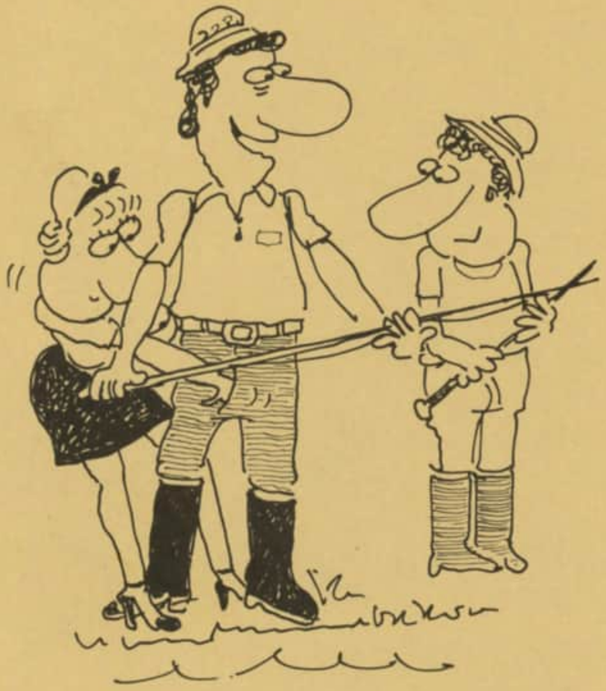
'What a skunk I am,' Harry said to himself. 'What a dirty skunk, to kill a thing she loved so much.' He dropped his head and looked at the floor. 'I'm lonely,' he said. 'Oh, Lord, I'm so lonely!'



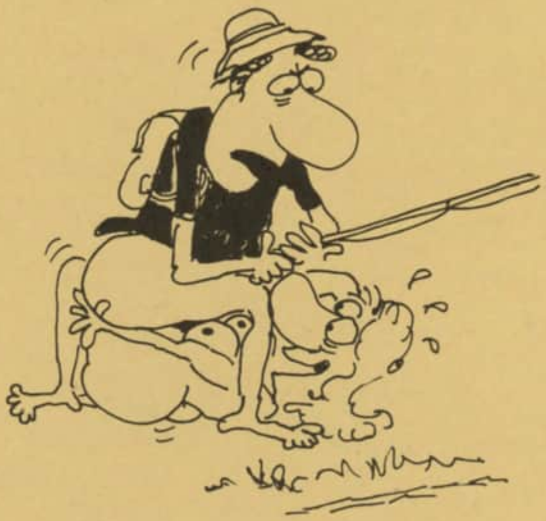
'She must be talking about you – there's nothing as big as that in this pond.'

IT'S THE REEL THING

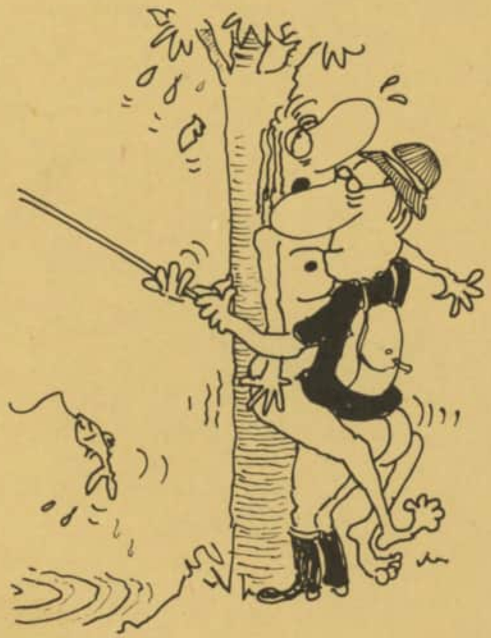
With rod in hand, Peter Maddocks
casts his bawdy imagination over the joys
of angling in our permissive times



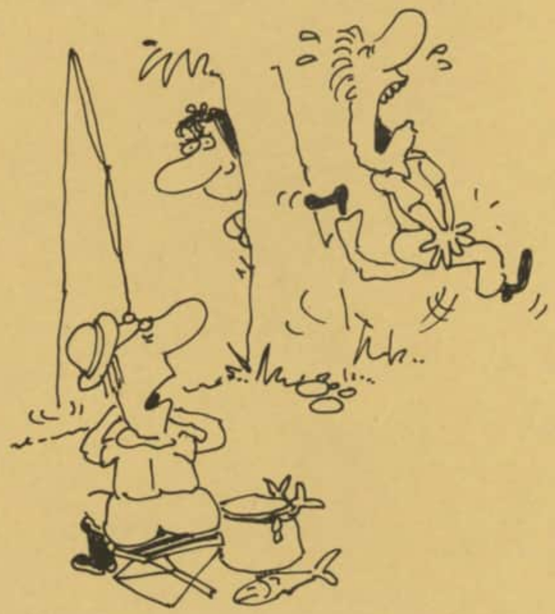
'Brace yourself, she's fly fishing again.'



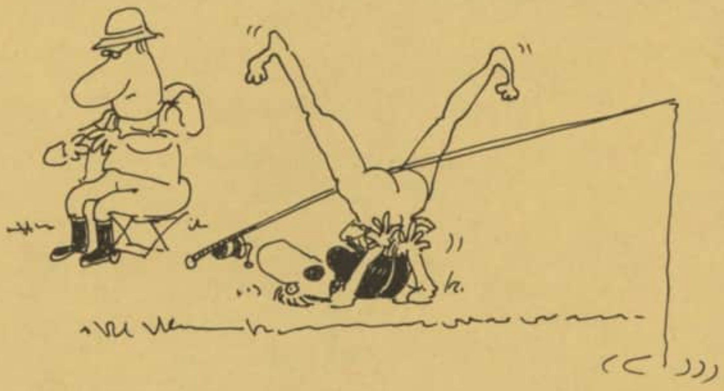
'Until you came along, I hadn't had a bite all day.'



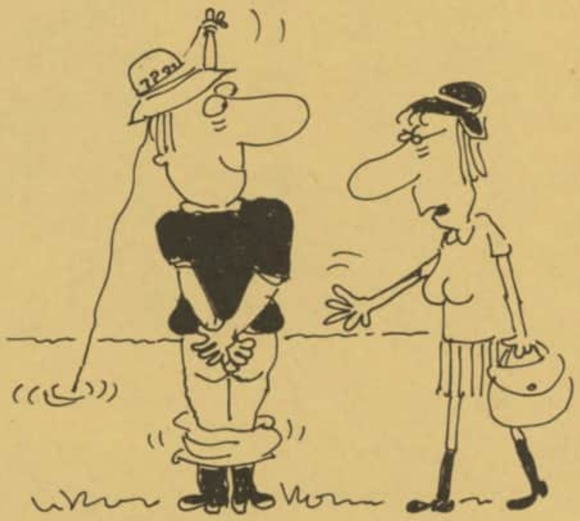
'I often wondered why they called it coarse fishing.'



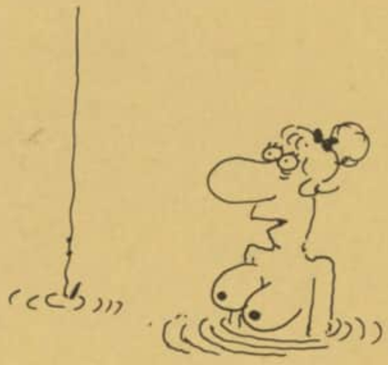
'Whatever are you doing with my fish scaler, dear?'



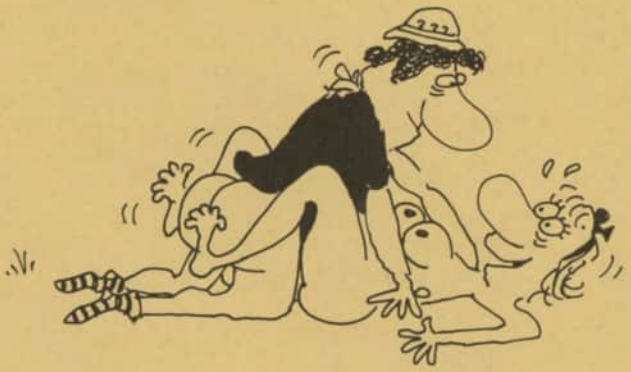
'Can't we go home now, Harry – the blood's rushing to my head?'



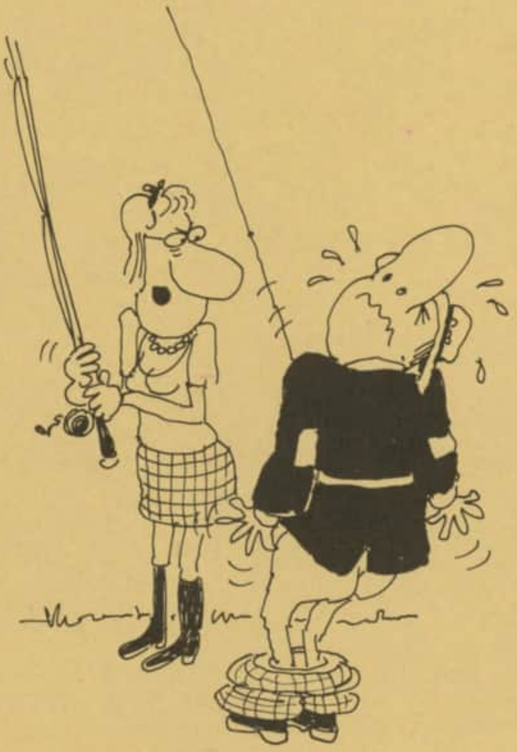
'You win – put it away and buy a proper rod.'



'I realise they attract you, *dear but I don't think they attract fish.'*



'Sssh! Quietly, quietly. You're disturbing the fish.'



'Sorry, I thought it was a worm.'

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

If you'd ridden and sweltered on a mangy camel for half a thousand miles . . . If you'd sweated and jolted on a bone-backed donkey for half a thousand more . . . If you'd choked in the lung-splitting dust of a desert storm . . .

What would you do at the first half-baked, one-eyed camel's hump of a town you came to, even though it be on the very edge of the Gobi Desert? Right. That's what Jake Dodds – sergeant in the American Marines, whore-master, rough-neck smuggler, deserter and bandit – did in Stephen Becker's **The Chinese Bandit** (Chatto and Windus £3.50).

He took a bath. Or, rather, first he chose a girl who wore a saffron robe, and followed her up a flight of wooden steps into the bathhouse: a dim and steamy room, with a warm mist rising from a huge stone tub. The girl in saffron undid the buttons of his shirt, slipped off his shoes and untied the red sash that held his all. When he stood before her naked and breathless in the yellow lamp-light, it is recorded that the girl in saffron beheld the golden hair on his dark chest, and made a happy moan.

'Saffron soaped him, raising a thick froth on his furry chest; she kneaded his shoulders and her exhalations were warm and spicy. She spilled oils into the bath, and Jake drowsed in the soft swelling mingle of odours' his dauber breaking the surface like a periscope.

'Saffron oiled it; he sang like a sick hog and plucked at her gown with a wet hand; she let the gown fall, and stood smiling and waited for his compliments.

'He babbled sweet talk at her, sweet and low, slid his oily hand between her legs and tugged her into the bath. They splashed and slid like otters in the buttery water. Jake would not, or could not wait. "Sit," he whispered, "sit, take it, take it." She sat above him showing her teeth, her creamy breasts bouncing; she took him into her and he cried out at the sudden warmth, seized her hips in his horny hands and rammed his way to heaven in a hurry, blowing spume like a whale, his whole body arching and exploding, fingers and toes and all.

For a sergeant in the American Marines, Jake Dodds is really surprisingly subtle. He's half shacked-up with a luscious tart in a Peking brothel. Only disadvantage there is, when customers start getting familiar with what Jake comes to regard as *his*.

Then, ah then, Jake is likely to let rip with four-footed, iron-fisted rights and lefts to soft civilian bellies. And if one of those smitten midriffs turns out to belong to a General of Marines . . .

That's how he ends up in a Chinese jail with two black eyes (and acquiring those from the police in pre-Communist China, or anywhere else for that matter, is nobody's idea of fun and games). Luckily for Jake, his rich influential, crooked merchant friend could bribe the arse off the Queen of Sheba. Getting Jake out of jug is a mere entertainment.

So Jake gets out, out into the fresh corrupt air of late forties Peking, where a man could buy a couple of dollars worth of opium and a girl worth a life-time in a single evening. Both together, if you really know what you're doing.

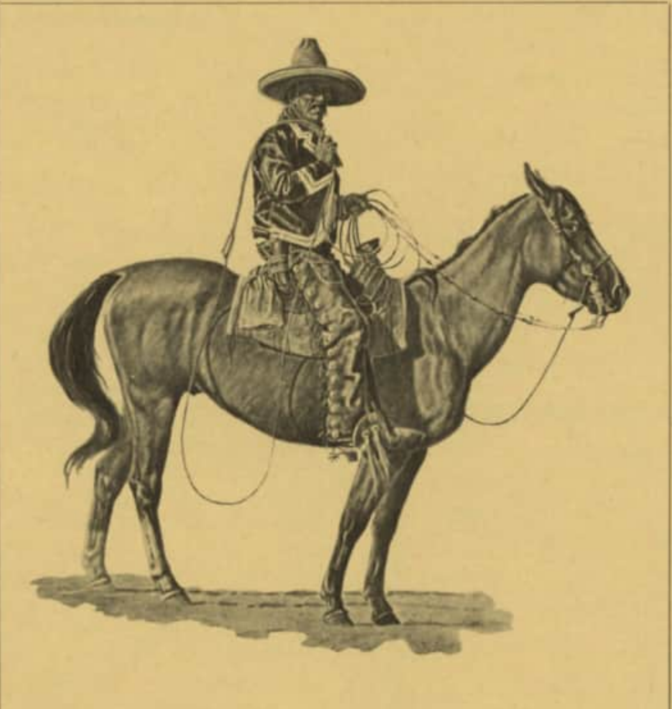
From the description, it's not an experience you can easily calculate in advance – though each time you return to it, you recall having been there before. (Remind you of anything, brothers?) When the smoke of the opium pipe hits your lungs, a somnolent yet cheery feeling goes right through you and you feel just fine . . . what was that lovely warm feeling again? A perfumed bath or a boat on a Japanese lake, or a woman's nest . . .

The last thought brings the woman herself to you. You raise her shirt, gently take her baby chick in your mouth, and sit still, inhaling, your hands resting on her warm buttocks. Then, thinking carefully ahead every step of the way, you free the buttons of her shirt from their imprisoning button-holes, and this in turn frees her breasts. They spring out, and you kiss them again and again, until her sharp breaths come like music.

For Jake and his Chinese mistress, on such occasions, there was never any hurry. She caressed him and kissed him for what seemed like hours.

Outside of such dreamy moments as these, the adventures of Jake Dodds, chronicled in *The Chinese Bandit* are actually many, varied and amazing.

He escapes from Peking, literally under the dead-eyed gaze of his garroted old corrupt merchant friend. He rides across deserts with a camel train. He shoots other bandits. He evades soldiers. He fornicates. He cleans his guns. He kills men bare-handed.



'Vaquero', by Bob Moline, a Comanche Indian, is one of 89 beautiful illustrations to be found in the superb definitive book, 'The American Cowboy' by Caleb Pirtle and ten real-life cowboy-artists of the Texas Cowboy Artists Association. The book is a celebration of the life and times of the cowboy. Barrie & Jenkins, £12.

But the most surprising time of Bandit Jake's young life is his sojourn among a remote tribe of farmers – he becomes their slaughterer (the deal suits them for religious reasons) and so inherits an astounding mate called Tha-Shi.

The first thing we should learn about Tha-Shi is that she is not a great beauty. Her most pleasant and pleasurable virtues lie not there – in delicate features and flashing eyes. Jake relishes her for being well-fleshed (not fat) and altogether a woman – with buttocks that he could grasp and knead gently, with a long thick bush of love-hair to tickle his nose, with fat broadly-nippled breasts to lay his face between.

The next thing to know about Tha-Shi is that she loves Jake's body because she loves fucking. And she loves fucking not for money or duty or curiosity, but because it's a natural and necessary part of life. And *good!* Tha-Shi brings a direct good cheer to bed with her, wrapping her arms around Jake, rubbing her face in the hair of his chest, fondling his cock as she might fondle a lamb, peaceful and unhurried she cultivates his body like the experienced gardener she is.

Tha-Shi's response is warm, drugged, feminine – and animal. When Jake clutches her breasts, she clutches his buttocks. When he sucks at her heavy breasts, she presses his head tighter against her and her nipples swell as they come alive. In response to the sweet, unending ache within him, Jake eases her legs higher until her calves press on his shoulders, slips into her sweetly and finds his own rhythm of slow, deep strokes:

'She whimpered then, and whined again, a long thin keening whine that broke to a sob; and all the pain and sorrow and loneliness, the hankering and love welled in him, and tears too, and he cried "Aaaaah" and came in a scalding rush, and came and came and came; and lay panting then into her mouth, and she into his, and they lay gugling and mewing softly, like animals; and like animals they slept.'

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Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring ♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

****♡♡♡♡ **The Man Who Fell to Earth** (X), 2 hrs 20 mins. A nude 18-year-old who lifts up her middle-aged lover's member and declares, 'That isn't like daddy's at all!' A middle-aged woman and her youthful lover who romp nakedly on a bed with a loaded six gun; cat-eyed alien beings whose bodies ooze a colourless jelly as they make love; and pop superstar David Bowie. Nervous shocks and great visual beauty merge in ex-cameraman Nicolas Roeg's fourth feature film – a blend that reaped dividends in that macabre masterpiece, *Don't Look Now*. Based on an exquisite and much neglected SF novel by Walter Tevis, this film, despite superb photography and an immense jumble of ideas, remains jumbled, overlong, weakly plotted after the halfway point and petering out at the end. Thomas Newton (David Bowie acting with commendable authority) comes secretly to earth for help from a dying planet; his revolutionary ideas build a technological empire, and arouse inevitable suspicions. Rip Torn is a randy academic he recruits; Candy Clark, the young mistress who learns all of his secrets. Unsatisfactory as a whole, then, it's still packed with the kind of clever thoughts and excitement, visual and otherwise, that are all too rare on today's screen.

♡ **Aces High (U), 1 hr 50 mins. Stiff upper lips, 'chaps' looking after each other, public school officers flying off at dawn with a fifty per cent chance of returning alive, this saga of First World War flying aces – based on an R C Sheriff play – treads very familiar ground: very surely but with leaden feet. Malcolm McDowell is the over-youthful, overpressured commanding officer, struggling to hide his excessive consumption of booze from his younger brother-in-law and hero worshipper (Peter Firth), the squadron's newest recruit. Richard Johnson, Trevor Howard and Ray Milland figure briefly as blimpish brigade officers dead set against the issue of parachutes as it 'tends to weaken pilots' resolve.' All the right attitudes are on show, yet somehow the film never penetrates beyond rather tired cliché. But it is entertaining, with the bonus of some excellent photography of aerial dogfights – using borrowed original aircraft – which gives a clear and terrifying idea of the dangers and delights of canvas and string flying.

***♡ **All the President's Men** (U), 2 hrs 20 mins. From the opening shot of a highly amplified typewriter key crashing into a blank white page, like a gunshot or the crack of doom, this sombre and very factual re-telling of the unmasking of President Nixon unreels like a muted hymn to the vigilance of the press. Washington is always covered in darkness or gloom; nervous witnesses are interviewed in a kind of perpetual half light; phone interviews are terminated abruptly; even superstars Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman – as the real-life *Washington Post* reporters, Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward – are quiet, shuffling, almost grey figures, never quite certain what they're uncovering and eventually in genuine fear for their lives. It's so accurate in its portrayal of reporting itself, in fact, that after two and a half hours its sheer wealth of detail comes dangerously close to boredom. Within its own strict limitations (the original locations and many of the original people are used) it's superb, but a straightforward documentary might have been even more powerful.

****♡ **The Black Bird** (A), 1 hr 38 mins, is a spoof sequel to *The Maltese Falcon*, that marvellously atmospheric thriller which starred Humphrey Bogart as super-sleuth Sam Spade. This time round though, George Segal plays Sam Spade Junior, the inept son of a famous father, still hot on the trail of the fabulous highly-coveted falcon statuette. Despite the broad comic vein, the film's background authenticity and faith with the original is impressive – in this respect, purists will not be disappointed. George Segal, is as always, a delight; an air of quizzical bewilderment is an almost permanent feature as he finds himself up against a strange array of opponents including a midget with a *penchant* for Nazi SS uniforms; a posse of happy-go-lucky, yet murderous Hawaiians and a Russian countess, (the gorgeous Stephane Audran), who offers our hero various tempting sexual allurements which never quite seem to take place. A weak finale is the film's only letdown, but happily, this does not detract from what has gone before.

♡♡ **Steppenwolf (X) 1 hr 46 mins. Harry Haller (Max Von Sydow) is a lonely, middle-aged writer, torn by a desire to conform to polite society and his savage inner nature. Deciding to commit suicide on his fiftieth birthday, he meets a strange and beautiful girl (Dominique Sanda) who demands that he obey her in everything. She introduces him to an even more beautiful girl (Carla Romanelli) who seduces him and Pablo (Pierre Clementi) a bisexual saxophone player, who shows him a remarkable Magic Theatre where dreams come true. It is, as they say, dead intellectual. German author Herman Hesse, who wrote the novel in 1927, has been increasingly popular of late, mainly for his anti-bourgeois sentiments and his flirtation with eastern philosophy and probably LSD: all very psychedelic and flowerpowerish. Shown in the sixties – when it was made – it would have had greater impact. Today audiences are less tolerant of rambling psychedelic sequences and obscure plots. Still, the film is glossily produced, well acted – with the possible exception of Ms Sanda whose deadpan delivery of 'significant' lines comes close to provoking unintentional laughter. It's also well worth taking your girlfriend to see as a means of impressing her with your intellectual pretensions.

*♡♡ **The Deadly Females** (X), 1 hr 46 mins. Far fewer pretensions in this. Donovan Winter, who produced, directed and wrote the screenplay, deserves praise for doggedly making his own films in the face of indifference by the major film companies. Sadly they are unlikely to show any increased interest after this tale of bored young women who make pin money by freelance assassinations. The girls – clothed and unclothed – look fine for the most part, but the numbers of naked middle-aged men also on view aren't likely to turn anyone on.

♡ **The Ultimate Warrior (X), 1 hr 34 mins. Originally consigned to the role of a supporting picture, this science fiction view of New York in 2022 – a decaying wasteland populated by ravaging mobs – is now starting to earn second showings. Max Von Sydow is the civilized leader of a struggling commune; Yul Brynner the super street-fighter he hires to carry precious seeds to safety. Though very gory, it's good mainstream SF.

****♡♡♡♡♡ **Inserts** (X), 1 hr 57 mins. A very very sexy film, this has Richard (*Jaws*) Dreyfuss superb as a silent film director surviving into the era of sound by shooting porno movies. Nudity, explicit sex and masturbation jostle for attention in a funny and perceptive script. With the possible exception of *Last Tango in Paris*, the only truly *adult* sex film around.

****♡ **One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest** (X), 2 hrs 14 mins. Jack Nicholson, as a convict faking insanity, has an electrifying effect on his fellow inmates at the asylum, coming into fierce and finally tragic conflict with authority. Really a comment on society rather than asylums, the film forgets some people need to be locked up, but it's still wildly funny, thoughtful and entertaining.

♡♡♡Death Race 2000** (X), 1 hr 20 mins. In the Annual Transcontinental Death Race points are awarded to drivers with the highest pedestrian body count. A send up of *Rollerball*, it's not as sick as it sounds because the film always refuses to take itself seriously.

♡♡♡Rancho Deluxe** (X), 1 hr 34 mins. A delicious, often randy send up of the modern American West where a shy, smitten cowhand asks his demure girlfriend for a kiss, she whispers, 'I don't know if I'll be any good –' and proceeds to fellate him.

♡Diamonds** (A), 1 hr 50 mins. The world's first Kosher 'caper' film. Robert Shaw plans to raid Tel Aviv's impregnable diamond exchange, but his presence doesn't make up for the lack of vital tension.

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NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

We have recently written at length about wine bars, and in detail about their successors, the 'real ale' bars, which are springing up all over the place – but now, for the first time, we have found the ideal combination: an ale bar on the ground-floor with a wine bar below stairs. It took time, but we found it at **Swift's** in Pelham Street, South Kensington, London, SW7 just a moment's walk from South Ken underground station.

The ground-floor ale bar has been moodily divided up into small 'offices', with glass-paned walls, through which you can observe your neighbours in the next section of the bar without letting them hear what you are saying about them. The stained woodwork and overall impression of antiquity gives a well-established air, although the bar has only been opened a short while. Clever touches such as prawns on sale by the pint at 60p, and cockles also on sale at the bar impart somewhat unusual but nevertheless complementary flavours to go with your strong ale and draught lager.

Below stairs, in the wine cellar, oysters are purveyed together with patés and salads and cold meat dishes, in a room reminiscent of a real wine cellar with stacked barrels in the rafters.

The clientele is typical young Kensingtonians – boys and girls in the tightest fitting jeans I have seen since yesterday. Move swiftly to *Swift's*.

When you leave, why not move sharply round the corner to Brian Mylne's **Admiral Codrington Pub**, just a stagger away in Mossop Street? Oysters again are in evidence if there is an R in the month, and sometimes even in May and June, together with all the other fine cold foods for which Brian Mylne has built up a reputation in his gaslit Edwardian parlour. His best draught bitter comes as bright and clear as the landlord's eye, which incidentally is a good one for attractive barmaids, another sound reason for visiting the *Codrington*. Another fair reason for visiting is the unusual, and in fact unique, dish of 'sausages-cooked-in-Guinness' which is best served with onions and mash, and tastes even better when accompanied by a pint of the foaming black stuff, also available.

If, by this time, you are sufficiently hungry to go out to a proper restaurant, then here are four good ones for a balmy summer's evening. Dante Betti and Franco Palmieri have the most romantic garden at the rear of their restaurant **Salotto**, at 47 Hollywood Road, SW10. Dante and Franco know the business, having originated such fine restaurants as *Factotum* and *Meridiana*, and their latest venture has a delightful downstairs bar which you should not miss, in the style of a brick-walled kitchen with relaxing seating on which you may sit and choose from the extensive Italian menu. You can expect to spend £5 a head including the price of the wine, and for this you will get an interesting range of beautifully prepared Italian dishes, and a wine list with an Italian accent of course. The garden outside, is enclosed by a high wall and therefore delightfully warm and in fact exactly the right atmosphere to propose in, so watch it.

If you prefer your gardens fully covered in, à la conservatory, then have a drink in the piano bar at **Trattoo Restaurant**, 2 Abingdon Road, Kensington, W8, (Tel: 01-937 4448) and order the Italian cuisine there while you listen to Alan Clare tinkling the ivories. *Trattoo* has just been redecorated and, for those who do not know the room, it is on two levels with an intriguing gallery above. It has enjoyed an interesting face-lift, with a certain amount of new paintwork and decor, but *Trattoo* has always been famed for its delightful Italian cuisine prepared by Salvatore. Pasta can be chosen and presented in six different ways, and there are 12 other hors-d'oeuvre to consider: and 18 entrees are offered on a menu which is garnished with intriguing English translations of each dish.

You will have to pay a little more than £6 per head including wine at *Trattoo*, but you will enjoy an outstanding Italian meal.

If gardens and conservatories are not your scene, then maybe boats are. The **Hispaniola** (Tel: 01-839 3011) has been sailing under Tino's management for 14 years now without moving a yard from the Victoria Embankment by Charing Cross Bridge. It is large, with three decks all of which are air-conditioned, and the whole ship gives an impression of modernity and efficiency. The huge glass windows overlook an interesting stretch of the Thames, and County Hall is impressively floodlit across the water.

They do a £3 Sunday lunch, but in the evenings you can choose from a comprehensive Spanish menu, including paella and suckling pig. Guitarists stroll between the tables, and the whole ship has an air of considerable expense about it although you can, in fact, dine comparatively cheaply if you are careful – for instance, there is a Spanish Frexinet sparkling wine similar to Champagne at £3.25 a bottle. You will find Tino good company and it is well worth inviting him for a drink in the bar and listen to some of his tales; he says that he has actually been in the river several times – but only when he jumps in. You might be lucky enought to see him do it!

Outside Harrow School, on the Hill, at 38 The High Street, stands **The Old Etonian**, a superb, cosy little restaurant (Tel: 01-422 8482) catering both for the needy eater and the greedy one. A rather large, voluble, gentleman in our party took one look at Peter Durrant's menu and range of hors-d'oeuvres and said: 'Right! 12 Frogs Legs, 9 Clams and 12 Escargots!' 'Of course, Sir!' replied Mr Durrant: 'But are you sure you have enough?' The cuisine is mostly French provençale although stridently English overtones obtrude. The Rack of Lamb – for two or more – was perfect, succulent and came with a wide range of fresh vegetables. The *Poulet En Croute* was also cooked to perfection. And, of course, being named after one of our mightiest Public Schools and situated outside yet another, the puds are wide-ranging, in abundance and suitably sweet. The chocolate mousse, presented at table in a stone bowl, is nectar to the sweet toothed in their first *or* second childhoods. *The Old Etonian* is housed in a building of genuine Georgian antiquity. Indeed, for those who admire antiques as well as good food this is as good a place as any to indulge both passions.

Studious, grey-haired, bespectacled, David Steele appears an unlikely hero, yet his batting fired the country's imagination and made him a national figure after he had defied the most hostile fast bowlers in the world

Cool Steele

the David who defies the Wicket Goliaths

Profile by Brian O'Hanlon

Thursday, July 31, 1975. Lords is jammed for the first day of the second Test Match between England and Australia. It is one of last summer's most gloriously hot days. A cloudless sky; the atmosphere electric; a cocktail of emotions for a play by Terence Rattigan. In the chronicles of cricketing folklore another chapter is about to be added.

Over in Earl's Court's Australian jungle on this same morning I pass *The King's Arms – the* Aussie pub hereabouts. Choc-a-bloc with 'Barry McKenzie' characters, the television blaring at top pitch. They are sharing the same derisory joke. It is US – the Poms. Well and truly pissed on in last winter's disastrous tour down under. The Ashes are once more held by Australia. Their new bowling force; Denis Lillee and Jeff Thomson, tore the MCC apart. That is what hurts to an Englishman this morning as the second Test is about to start. Not so much the beating but its manner. Utter, complete, annihilation. The one crumb of comfort was certainly less than Trojan – a last Test victory when the subsonic pair, Bazza Lillee and Bruce Thomson, were not playing. History has, thus far, repeated itself. At Edgbaston in the first Test. The same old story. England batsmen funking the bowling. Let's say it. Everybody knows it. But, today, there is the 'New Look' England. The former captain has been sacked. A Scot has made way for a South African and the middle order batting has been altered.

I sit down in the deep abyss of my sitting room sofa and switch on the box. Resignedly. The England players are having a knock-up. 'Christ!' exclaims my Aussie flatmate: 'Who's HE?'. 'Looks a bloody sight older than you, O'H!' 'It's Steele', I reply. 'The new bloke from Northampton.'

Up in the England dressing room David Steele sits. Tensely padded up to come in first wicket down – No. 3. He is numb. Going through the internal machinations of the pressure barrier. He would have given anything to have fielded first. But twenty minutes earlier he knew his fate. Tony Greig of Sussex, England's new Skipper, had said: 'I feel lucky today. If I win the toss I'm going to bat!' He did. The third ball of the third over buries itself into Wood's pads. Lillee bellows his appeal unto the heavens, arms wide apart, fists clenched. Up goes umpire Alley's index finger. Off walks Wood. First blood to Australia. English supporters around the ground groan. Members, in the pavilion, muster a polite handclap. The Aussies have no inhibitions. War whoops cries of 'Good on Yer, Des!' Cans of *Swan* and *Fosters* take flight. They are empty, of course. Their successors already in use.

David Steele is on his way, or so he thinks. The tradition at Lords is that the incoming and outgoing batsmen pass either side of the Long Room table. The roar of the crowd becomes dimmer. 'That's funny?' muses Steele to himself. 'Where the hell am I?' *Where* indeed? He has taken the wrong turning and ended up in one of the lavatories underneath the pavilion. In something of a daze he retraces his steps; there are the gates: there is the white coated attendant. He's on the pitch, walking up the slope to the vacated end. Past Marsh, the Aussie 'keeper, past the Chappell brothers, deadpan and silent, chewing. Inside him David Steele's pressure barrier boils and bubbles. He's an old County pro – aged 33 and 12 years with Northants. But that's County cricket. And it's nothing like this. England versus Australia is what cricket is all about in both hemispheres. Lord's is the game's headquarters. And this is it. The second Test Match. Played there. What we see – we who support England – is a strange, undersized little figure in glasses with a thatch of grey hair obtruding from under his cap. Whereas Greig and Edrich look smart and elegant this chap looks somehow dishevelled. He has the preoccupied manner of a University professor. One feels affection and pity.

Lillee hurls down his first ball to him. Steele goes forward. And plays it confidently, easily, in the middle of the bat. As Lillee retrieves and walks back Steele rests on his right foot, left leg bent at the knee, hand leaning on the top of his bat's handle, gazing into space. The second ball is an enactment of the first. Forward defensive, well middled, scooped up by the bowler. And so is the third. An Aussie voice shouts: 'Have a go, yer mug!' He is shushed and told to shut up. David Steele has survived his first three balls in Test cricket and the spotlight temporarily shifts from him to John Edrich who plays out a maiden over from the hostile Jeff Thomson. Then the Steele versus Lillee contest resumes.

The first ball of Lillee's next over is shorter. David Steele's foot moves across; he hooks it perfectly off his chest down to fine-leg for four runs. The crowd erupts. For this was no fluke. Lillee has been carted for four. In this one over Steele's own confident approach commends itself to his thousands of fellow countrymen in the crowd and watching on television. What is so significant is that his timing was so faultless. He seemed, already, to be playing in a different time sequence from the England players who had gone immediately before in previous Tests. He seemed to move a good second before these other batsmen. The ball hit the ground three to four yards from the bat, well played down; perfectly safe. The sort of stroke you would expect from Donald Bradman in his heyday with 150 up. Hadn't Mr. Steele ever heard of that old adage: 'Never drive before lunch. Never hook before tea.' Apparently not. The next half hour transformed the game and English hopes. It was rather like seeing Alec Guinness played by Charlie Chaplin; this apologetic little man. But yet he was the Master of the situation and it was now the Australians' turn to look uneasy. As Steele picked his way to a faultless 50 the crowd is solidly behind him. For the young it is perhaps David against Goliath. For the not so young, watching this grey haired bespectacled figure taking on the Australian quickies with the maximum ease and comfort it is something else again. Age and experience are more than a match for headstrong youth and here is Mr. Steele of Northants and now England proving it.

It's 8.30 on an early Autumn morning in St. Mary's Road, Kettering, the one going on to Corby. A hedge screens some rather nice detached bungalows from the road. I am shown in. 'Oh yes.' 'You're from . . . from . . . *Mayfair* . . . s'that right?' The

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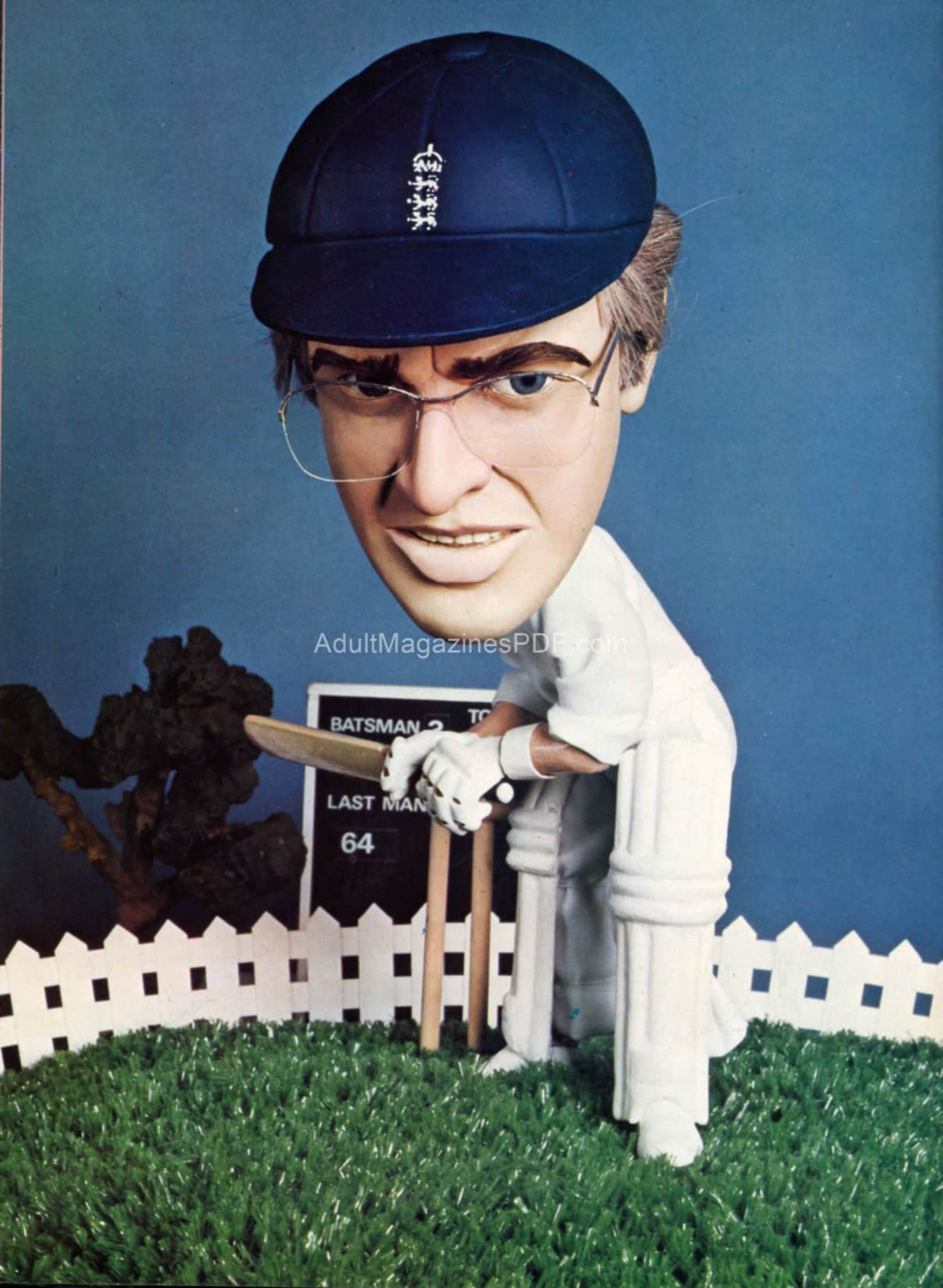
MODEL MADE BY ROGER SOUTHALL / PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARTIN ELLIOTT


BATSMAN 2
TO
LAST MAN
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David Steele

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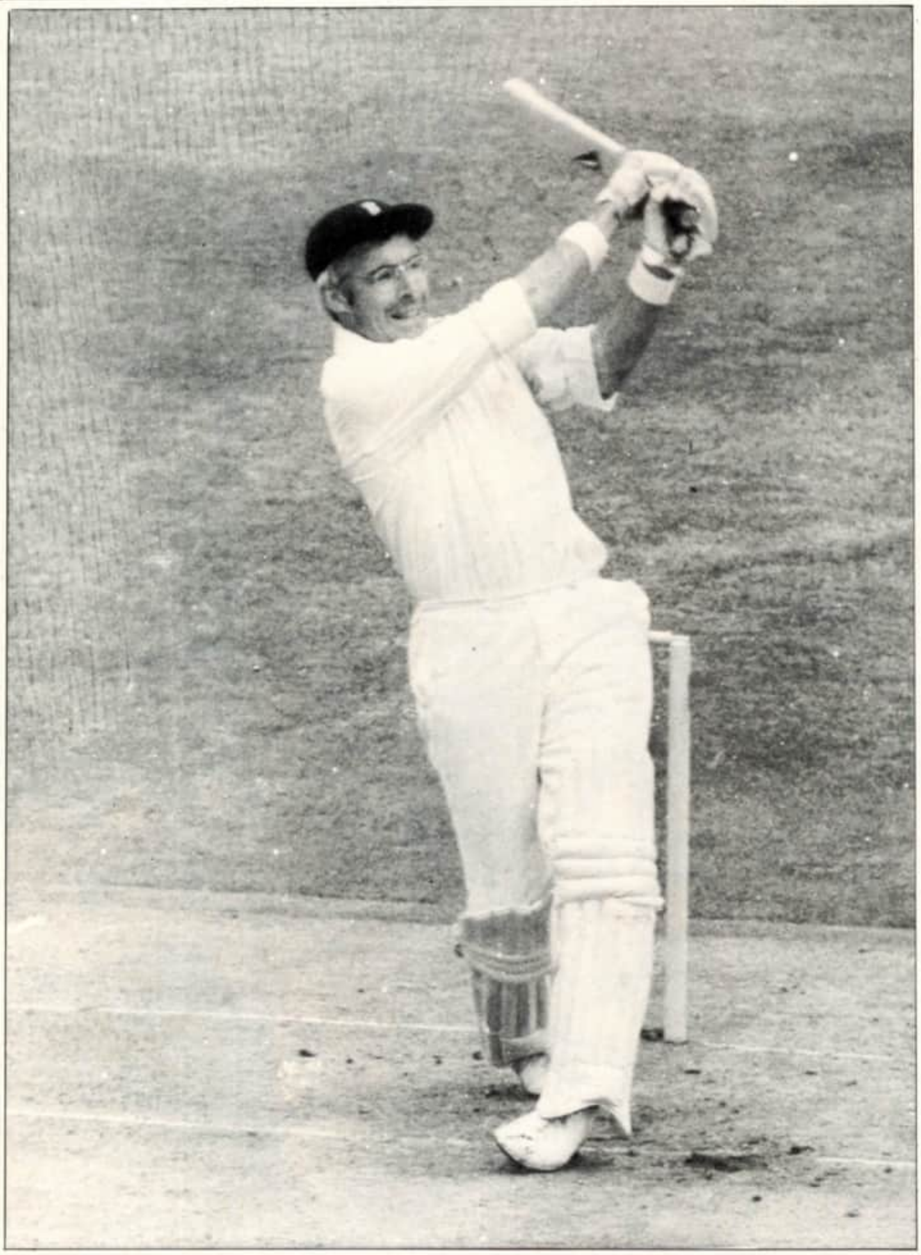
tones are instantly discernible; the hard vowels of the Black Country. David Steele wears an open necked blue sports shirt, slacks and slip-on shoes. He looks much younger than on the field of play. But the absent-minded professor is still there; stronger. 'It *was* today, wasn't it? Thought it were tomorrow. You see, it's my benefit year and I've got a hell of a lot to organize . . .' We sit down on a comfortable settee in a large, modern, open-plan L-shaped lounge. Carol, David Steele's attractive wife apologises for 'the mess'. There isn't one. Elsewhere in the house wee Arran, less than a year old, makes himself heard. Steele is up, down and up and down again. The telephone rings constantly. 'Sorry, I can't do that . . . wait a mo'; oh bloody hell . . . look . . . sorry! But I'm booked. I really am.' 'That's a pity' he says, returning. 'You know, there's a lot to do in your benefit year. You don't like saying no to nobody.'

I explain what is wanted. How, the moment he walked to the wicket on *that* day, grey hair and all, many of us felt that something different was happening. Here, we thought, was somebody with whom the rest of us could identify. A sportsman in his thirties; the dogged man in the street taking on all the big buggers. We felt things were more back into their right perspective, the spotlight having moved away from the Young Lochinvars.

'Cricket is such a serious job. There is nothing to smile about when you are playing cricket. I have always been brought up to play the game as though it *is* a job. I always like to play to win and I don't like to lose.'

The ultimate professional cricketer speaking. And the definitive Midlander, the man from Stoke-on-Trent. There is nothing fancy or rhetorical about the Black Country. It brings out a calm, highly competitive breed, down to earth and unglamorous. And it works. Not for the David Steele's of Britain's middle industrial belt the arrogance of the Yorkshire know-all or the fey dilettantism of the soft southerner.



A typical Steele stroke – the ball hooked to leg and down to the boundary for four.

'And how much am I going to get paid? I know I didn't mention it when we spoke on the 'phone but Tony Greig has this bloke, Reg Hayter, and Greggy says to me: "you don't do anything now for nothing".'

I explain the difference between objective reporting, 'ghosting' and testimonial advertising. But I'm on a sticky wicket. Mr. Steele is by no means convinced. 'Well,' he insists: '*You* are taking up *my* time . . . Surely it's got to be worth something?' It's my turn now to play a straight bat. I don't know the answer to this one either. It's the first time I've come across it I tell him. Quite honestly. The phone rings again. When he returns David Steele suggests a way out of the impasse. 'What about a contribution towards my benefit? A little something? *All* my hairs weren't prematurely grey. I've got a few of the buggers playing cricket.'

Cricket, he explains, is still pretty badly paid. 'You make a *wage*. That's about all. I'm a printer by trade.'

David Steele has a full time job in addition to his cricket. As a sales representative for the Kettering branch of Staples, the large printers with their headquarters in London. He covers both areas. His employers are cricket enthusiasts. They have to be. Especially during the summer when he is still technically, working for them. It is his trade and one he will continue when cricket days are over.

His concern for money, however, is quite understandable when he talks about this season; the one just finished – his benefit year. 'It's up to you. You've got to get out and organize things for yourself. Get stickers and posters printed and sent out. You can't leave it to anybody.'

'A benefit year is a year given to a player by his club for services given to it. In other words he hopes to get out a little of what he put in. If you're in the bigger, more fashionable, counties – Yorkshire, Surrey – you're luckier because it's easier.

When did he first want to be a cricketer? 'There was never a time when I didn't. It were taken for granted. We are a cricketing family, through my mother's side of it. My cousin, Brian, played for Northampton with me. My brother, John, plays for Leicester; opens the batting: an all-rounder. Brian's father played in the Lancashire League.'

'Did you ever have any coaching? Nobody hooks Lillee off the top of their chest, as you did, by guesswork.'

'Oh sure. From Stan Crump, Brian's father. He coached us all; Brian, John and myself. No, there was nothing particularly special about the way he coached. It was straightforward, common-sense, like. He might say: "Get your head down" or something like that. But you were allowed to develop your own style.'

Old Stan Crump was coaching in the North Staffordshire League and David Steele joined Sneyd CC at 16 where he stayed for three years 'learning my trade'. He then went to Hartshill CC as the professional at the ripe young age of 19 for £5 to £6 a week – tax free.

He doesn't remember his first game in the league or recall his first match as a professional cricketer.

'Well, no. You see you're out there to work. You hear remarks and suchlike from bowlers but you're playing league. You've got to watch what you're doing. All the time. I joined Northants when I was 21. I've been there for 12 years now. Brian Crump came to Northants two years before and told them about me. I followed him down.' At the start of last season **David Steele** thought his chances of an England place were very slender.

'I thought the chance had passed me by. I had played consistently well throughout most of the season and the annoying thing was that it went alright until we played Sussex at Northampton, against Tony Greig. In two innings I made two single figures. "Well," I thought, "You've really buggered that up".' When did he first hear he had been chosen in the England 12?

'I didn't know anything about the selection. People, *some* of the Press, might have said so. But the majority feeling was for Brian Bolus. I was on the motorway going up to Worcester to play a Sunday game. I didn't have a wireless in my car. Jim Watts, up in front in his van did. He suddenly leaned out and gave a big thumbs up. "Christ, I've made it! I'm in," I gasped. When we got to Worcester, we played in the John Player league that day, all the camera people and photographers were around. When I heard the full team I knew I must be chosen in the 11 because of its composition. We got 100 that day and I made 40 of them.'

'You asked about something *funny*. Well, it wasn't funny at the time but I had my kit pinched. I had played in a benefit match at Wellingboro' and left my case outside my car. When I came out it had gone: my bat, my gloves, all the tools of my trade. I went down to Taunton the next day with no kit. I borrowed somebody else's – but it's not the same. I just didn't feel right. After that I went out against Sussex and got two low scores and then against Middlesex with two more low scores. This was after I'd been picked for the Test. I was really worried and upset. I sent a letter to the local paper appealing to whoever had the kit to return it. I said I am picked for the Test. If you would just return my bat . . .'

'Well, I got it back and I was bloody overjoyed. Relieved. The bloke phoned me up and said: "I was a bit drunk. I went outside and bumped into this bag of yours. I thought it was a violin case! I picked it up, put it in my car and when I got home threw it in the garage – and went away on a week's holiday. I thought no more about it until somebody told me about your letter on my return".' David Steele reflects: 'I went down to the Lords Test in a much better frame of mind then.'

'When you're in the Test side you report at Lords, or wherever it is you're playing, at 3 pm on the Wednesday. You practise and then there's a dinner. A Pre-Test dinner at which the Selectors join the team. They don't stay around too long afterwards and when they go you're alone with the other players and the Captain says a few words.'

ARTHUR REID

'In the first place he's not a member of your team and in the second place the ball can't be caught in the buttocks.'

What do the players in the England side think of Tony Greig? Is there any resentment about having a South African as Captain?

'No. No, none at all. Greggy's a terrific competitor. So are the Australians. That's why they respect him. All he asks from you is that you give him 110% and you go out there and do.'

How about the players themselves? How do they get on together? Do they drink together afterwards?

'Well, I don't drink much myself. Lager when I'm thirsty. It's difficult after the game. If you go into the bar people who weren't playing want to talk about the game and you just want to relax. The two sides in the last series got on extremely well. The Press made a lot of it and played things up. But then they always do.'

'There was, as it happens, an amusing moment in the last Test at The Oval.' 'We had lost the toss and as I was taking my place in the field an Australian voice from the crowd shouted: "Hey Groucho! Do you want a cigar?" I've been called a few things, like "Stainless", but never "Groucho". Apparently John Arlott had seen me prodding down the wicket when I had been batting in the previous Test innings and had made some comment about me looking like Groucho Marx. And this Aussie bloke had remembered. But it was all good-natured. The crowd loved it. The other lads on the field were a bit concerned at first because they thought I was being got at.'

In his six Test innings David Steele established himself beyond any doubt as England's Number 3. He made 50 in his first knock, 45 in the second and then 73 and 92 at Headingly, ending up with 39 and 66 at The Oval. These innings placed him firmly at the head of England's batting averages, his total of 365 runs giving him an incredible Test average of 60.83. The story doesn't end there either as Steele's bowling figures of 2–21 also gave him top spot in those averages and the four catches he picked up shared him the top fielding berth with his skipper Tony Greig, wicket-keeper Alan Knott and Chris Old. It almost goes without saying too that as the icing on the cake, David Steele swept the board to finish as BBC TV's Sportsman of the Year. He won't be going hungry for a while either, as part of his benefit involved Test sponsorship with a local butcher. David Steele was given one lamb chop for every Test run scored and a whole beef fillet for every half-century. 365 chops and four fillets of beef plus his host of awards adds up to a real *Boys' Own Paper* season for Steele. If you hadn't seen it happen with your own eyes, you would have said it was too far-fetched to be true. But the facts speak for themselves, or rather Bill Frindall's familiar voice does. 'David Steele's Test innings lasted a total of 19 hours, during which he faced 860 balls. His scoring rate was 42 runs per 100 balls received and he hit two sixes and 41 fours.' Fantasy, pure fantasy. Yet it happened.

But it is that very first innings at Lords that is now part of cricket history. What *were* his thoughts as he walked in?

'I thought I must get off the mark quick. When I hit that four I never felt so good, mentally, in any other innings during the whole season. That feeling of having done it, of having come through that pressure barrier, was worth more to me than the 50 runs themselves. Lillee didn't get us out that day. We got us-selves out going for them. That's the most important thing to remember. We were on the *attack*.'

'There was another great moment. When I found myself at the end of the row being presented to the Queen. I thought what the hell am I doing here? I remembered seeing other sides doing this on television when I were a lad. I never thought I'd be doing it some day. It seemed so strange.'

What did Her Majesty say to you?

'She was delighted about the day's play. "They're on the board, ma'am" I said – but I don't know if she understood what I meant by that . . .'

Jensen Genius

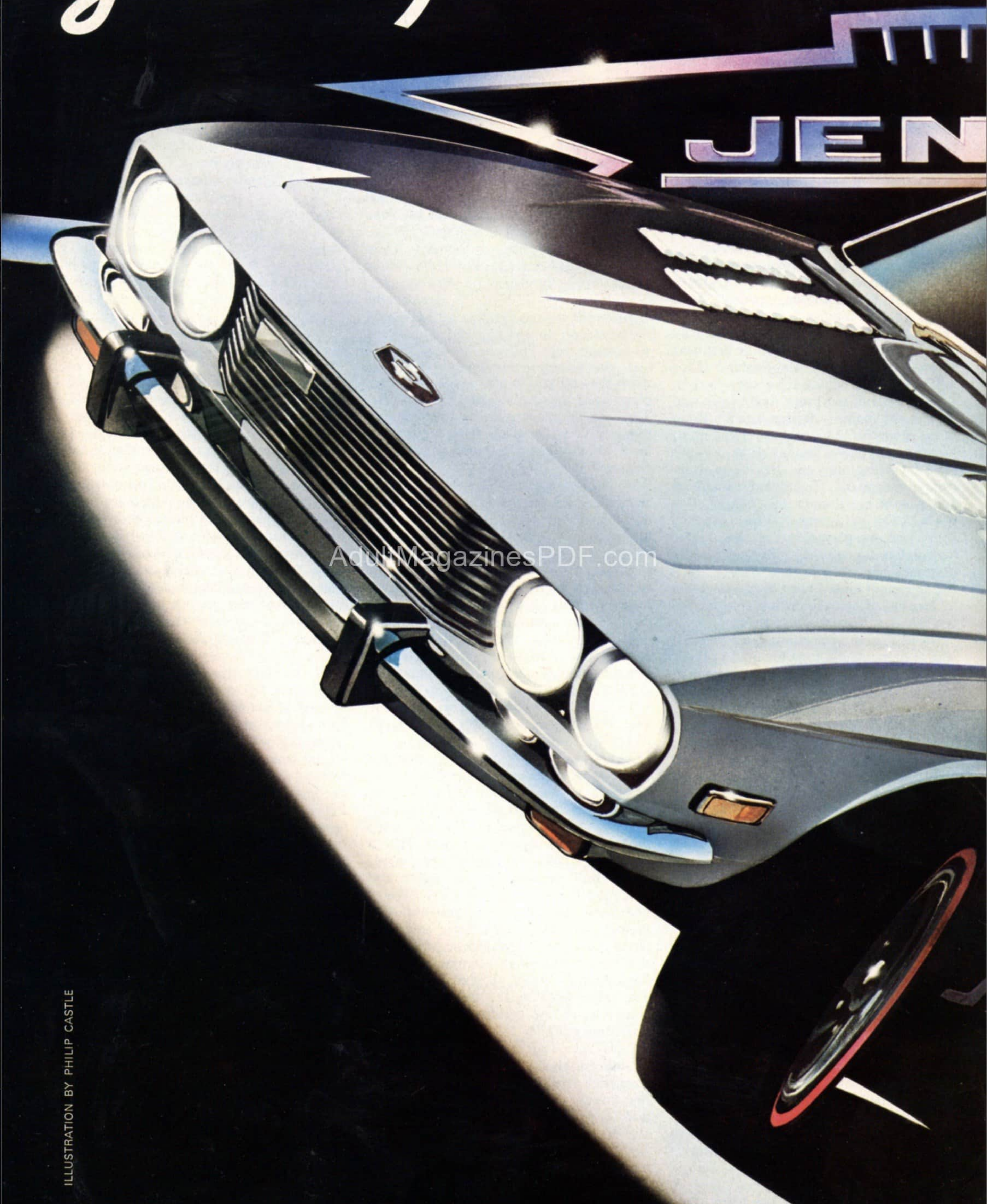
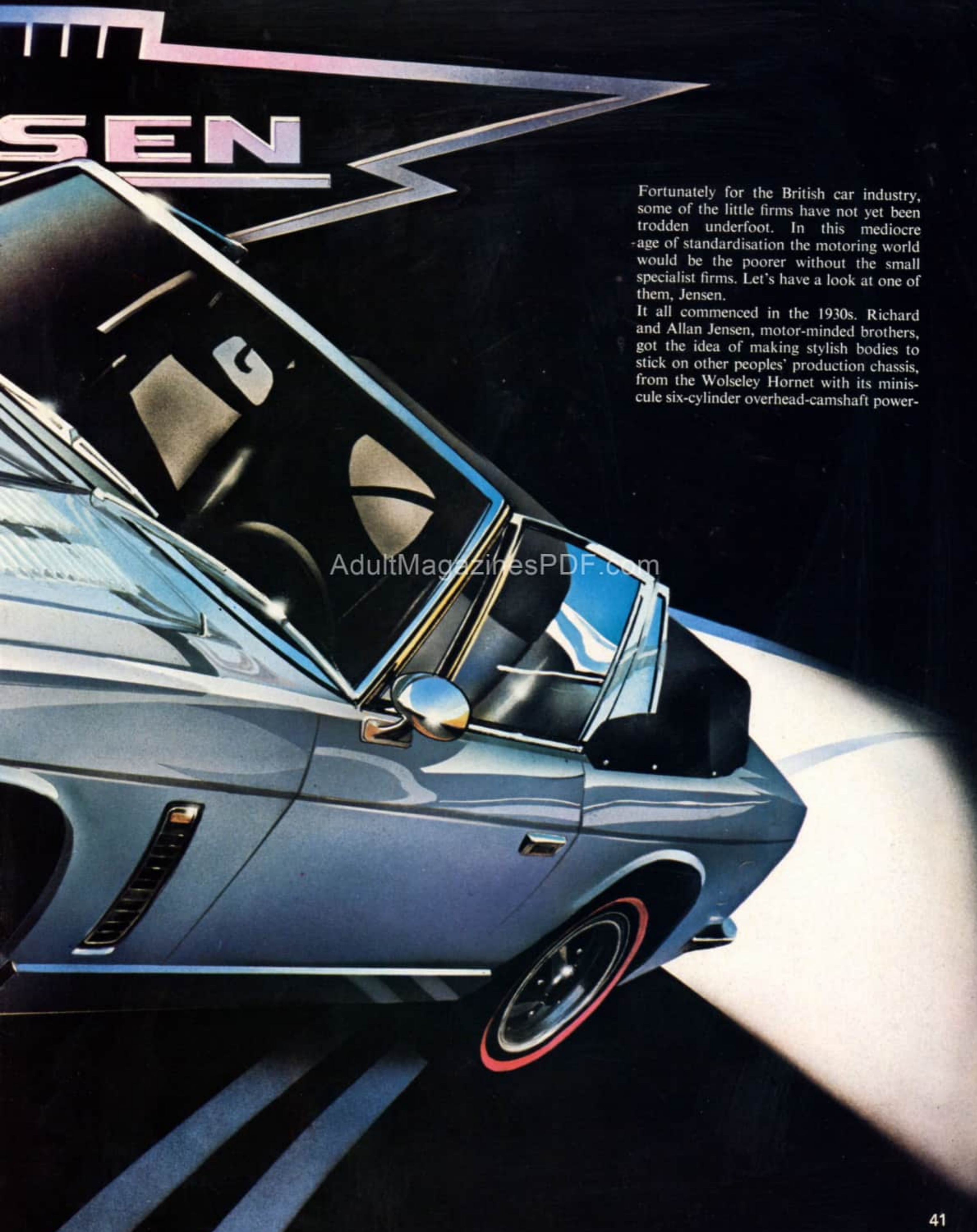


ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP CASTLE

The Jensen Mark 111 convertible at £11,501.

In today's increasing conformity Jensen represent luxury, style and individuality/by William Boddy



Fortunately for the British car industry, some of the little firms have not yet been trodden underfoot. In this mediocre age of standardisation the motoring world would be the poorer without the small specialist firms. Let's have a look at one of them, Jensen.

It all commenced in the 1930s. Richard and Allan Jensen, motor-minded brothers, got the idea of making stylish bodies to stick on other peoples' production chassis, from the Wolseley Hornet with its miniscule six-cylinder overhead-camshaft power-unit, to the then-new Ford V8 with its clever cast-iron multi-cylinder engine. They also styled those Avon-Standards that looked, with their shapely-pointed tails, low build, and lengthy bonnets, all ready, for a fast thrash round Brooklands. From eyeable bodies, to a car that was all theirs, or mostly so. For by 1937 the Jensen automobile had made its eye-catching debut. It was a long, smart, 3½-litre eight-cylinder confection, with a massive radiator and flowing wings. The motor papers of the time were very kind in not saying that its under-bonnet machinery was pure unmodified 3.6-litre side-by-side-valve Ford V8 from Dagenham. The joke was that they also published illustrations of the new Jensen, and showed it, bonnet open, so that this Ford engine appeared naked and revealed. You could also check what it was from the published bore and stroke and swept-volume dimensions. But no one, least of all the Jensen brothers, openly let on that it was a Ford power unit.

So there was no shame in Jensen, thus using a well-tried, ready-to-install engine in their first complete motor-car. Especially as it was coupled to a Columbia two-speed back axle, so that the restless driver could play performance, *via* six instead of only three forward speeds. Success with this model led to others, with the smaller 2.2-litre Ford V8 engine and then with a straight-eight Nash (American) overhead-valve motor of 4.2-litres. This established Jensen of West Bromwich, Staffordshire, in the handsome, high-performance-car category.

Of course, small manufacturers have no facilities for making their own engines (neither do the majority of 1976 Formula One racing-car builders who also rely on Ford). Before the Hitler confrontation Jensen tried some odd ones, such as the Lincoln Zephyr V12 and a Steyr, for individual cars. But Ford was the mainstay of the pre-war Jensens. And, you know, Dagenham does not just ask over the telephone how many are wanted and send them round. Unless they approve the technical, manufacturing, and advertising policy behind a car which is to use one of their engines, but not carry Henry's immortal name, you don't get any.

That wasn't what turned Jensen to other propellants, after the war. They wanted power, and were prepared to search for it. There was a brief flirtation with a new car, notable for independent front suspension by coil springs and wishbones; an overdrive gearbox; and under its typically-Jensen long bonnet, a 3.9-litre straight-eight overhead-valve engine by Meadows (who were well-known for marine motors and engines powering pre-war cars of the calibre of Frazer Nash. It was still-born. Instead, the company turned to a nice, lazy, well-proven engine, in the form of that which was used in the big Austin cars. This six-cylinder A135 power-pack served very well for the Jensen saloon and Interceptor convertible that were announced in 1950. Lord Strathcarron, well-known as a motoring connoisseur, and President of the Guild of Motoring Writers, is a great Jensen-man, with a passion for collecting early examples. I am sure he has had an Austin-powered Interceptor and would agree with its virtues. At around this time Jensen made the bodies for the rather rare and short-lived open Austin A40 Sports model, as much later they were to construct bodywork for the big, hairy Austin-Healeys and for the Volvo P1800 coupè.

From the year 1953 success, in terms of both sales and prestige, was assured, when the Jensen 541 was announced. This retained the Austin A135 engine, tuned with triple gas-works to poke out a useful 140 bhp. These 541s had interesting lines, with apparently nowhere air could enter the radiator, and a sporting two-door coupè configuration. Handling well, effortless over long distances, and capable of some 115 mph when fully wound-up, they were formidable motor-cars. Better was to follow. From 1954 the body was made of glassfibre, reducing avoirdupois (weight, Snodgrass, weight), and another very significant innovation was the adoption of disc brakes on all wheels, the Jensen being the first British production car to do so.

Latest addition to the Jensen range, the Jensen GT hardtop which sells for £4,563.

The 541S was soon available, with raised compression-ratio – a 125 mph motor-car. Chassis and body were re-styled and that afore-mentioned air-intake flap was controlled by a thermostat, thus opening when the radiator began to gasp for air. Like Bristol, Jensen opted for a Chrysler engine from Detroit: a ready-made 305 bhp engine of V8 formation of 5.9-litres. Eventually Jensen used 330 bhp, 6.3-litre Chrysler-power. By 1966, the ambitious Jensen company really went over the top.

For they offered the FF model, which was a four-wheel-drive car built under Ferguson patents, which had automatic transmission (back in 1961 Jensen had adopted the Rolls-Royce Hydramatic transmission) and, what is more, Dunlop Maxaret anti-lock brakes. All this made for a very impressive, ultra-safe, high-speed car. But it also meant much weight and high cost – £5,340 for this advanced FF-Jensen.

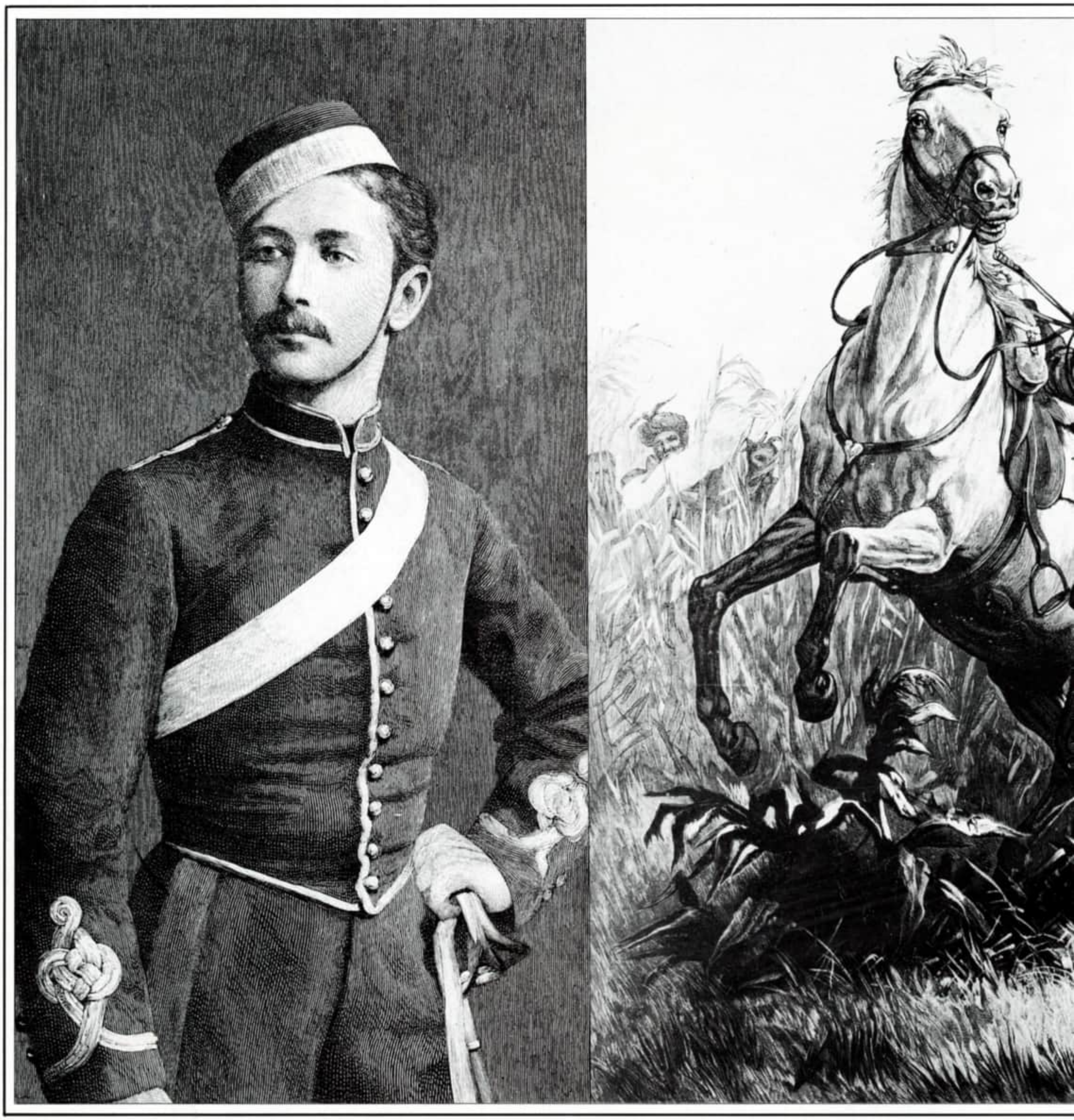
I drove one and the manner in which you could hoof the enormous power on, with the steering on lock, on an ice-coated road, was truly impressive. As was the lack of drama when you stood on the brake pedal, under similar conditions. The only Maxaret snag was a furious kick-back through the brake pedal as you pulled up.

Whether it was this, or the high price, or the fact that radial-ply tyres (which earlier Jensen Interceptors had eschewed, as too noisy on a gentleman's hush-carriage) were providing rear-wheel-drive autos with quite good road clinging under slippery conditions, is not for me to say. But in spite of police interest in this Jensen, and in the FF four-wheel drive system on fast Fords, the FF model was soon dropped.

The C-V8 Jensen, which had a Chrysler Torqueflite automatic transmission, then gave way to a Vignale all-steel coupè for 1967 and the same 330 hp engine, developing this power at a modest 4,600 rpm, went into the 140 mph Interceptor saloon.

Soon, the days of the big, powerful Jensens, like the 1969 Jensen Director – fitted out with such mod cons as television, a typewriter and a radio-telephone – and the 1970s models for which air-conditioning in the Rolls-Royce idiom was an option, were numbered.

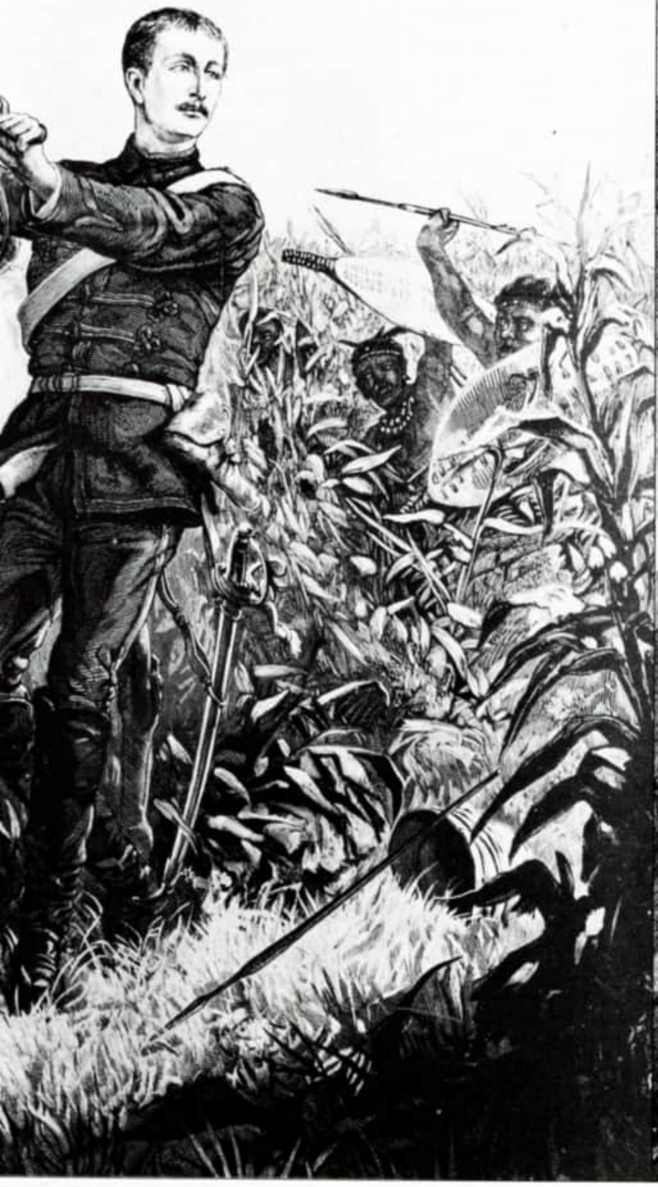
Donald Healey convinced the American-inspired Jensen Board that open sports-cars, like his new Jensen-Healey, were the thing, powered with Colin Chapman's 2-litre, 16-valve, twin-cam four-cylinder engine. They were to go out at the rate of 25 per week, along with the 385 bhp Jensen SP luxury car that replaced the FF, the latter having been some 30 per cent more expensive to build than the normal back-wheel-drive Interceptors. Kjell Qvale was the man keen on this sporty Healey. At the present, Jensen have the traditionally-named Interceptor, the Mark III, priced at £10,764; the convertible version, at £11,501; and a coupé, listed at £11,759. All of these now boast of no less than 7,212 Chrysler ccs under their hoods. Alongside them is that Jensen-Healey, for fresh-air addicts. It sells for £3,342. And there's the recently introduced Jensen hardtop in GT guise at £4,563.

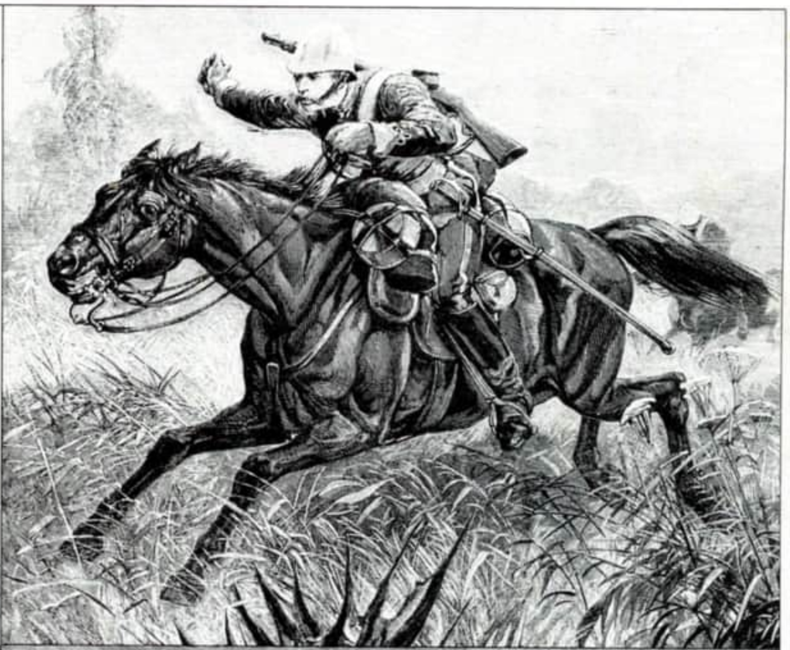


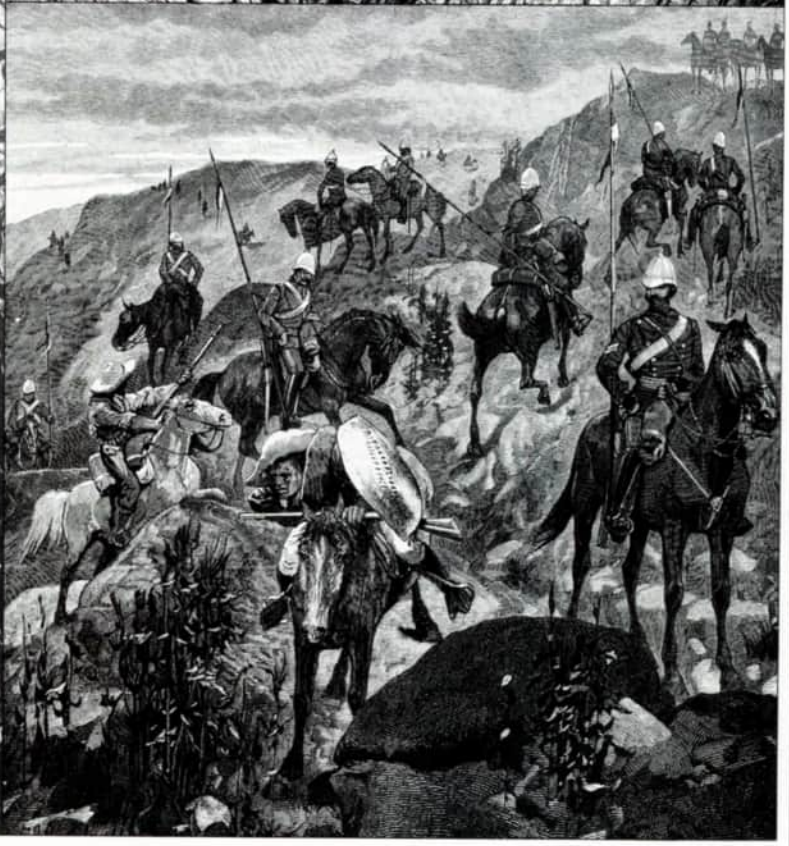
BLUNDER AT BLOOD RIVER

How did the last of the Napoleons come to meet his death in a dry and dusty ravine in the heart of Victorian Africa? Nigel Wickert reconstructs the last hours of a diplomatic embarrassment, the impetuous Prince Imperial

Far left: Napoleon Eugène Louis Jean Joseph Buonaparte in British artillery uniform. Exiled heir to the Napoleonic dynasty, he joined Britain's 1879 Zulu War as a spectator. Centre: the Crown Prince tries to remount as Zulus ambush at Blood River. Top right: Times *reporter Forbes brings news of the Prince's death. Below: 17th Lancers search for the attackers.*







'I am leaving to choose a camping ground for the 2nd Division' – Louis Napoleon

Dawning bright and blazing after a rainy spell, Sunday the 1st of June, 1879 was not a day of rest at the military encampment of Utrecht in the Southern Transvaal.

The field HQ of Lieut General Chelmsford, C-in-C of the British Forces in South Africa, was about to advance. The Second Invasion of Zululand had started, an arduous manoeuvring of horse-drawn artillery, creaky ox-waggons, mule-carts and cattle herds, the entire movement conducted with greater caution than shown during the first disastrous offensive.

Improperly deployed and rashly led, the pre-emptive strike of January had been stunningly stalled at Isandhlwana, a supply column encircled and obliterated by Cetshwayo's impis. Assegai-brandishing savages had matched seasoned infantry.

'Where is the Prince Imperial?' – Lord Chelmsford

Acting independently from the general logistic bustle, a six-man detail of cavalry assembled outside the quartermaster's bell tent. Drawn from Bettington's Horse and comprising a sergeant, a corporal and four troopers, they were experienced irregulars, chosen to escort two staff officers on a mapping of enemy territory. The land ahead was roadless, steep ravines making the fording of fierce rivers extremely hazardous.

Awaiting the muster of a further six Basuto scouts, the escorts had opportunity to speculate on the appearance and bearing of their two charges. Helmeted, spurred, wearing the polished accoutrements of mounted staffers, both officers offered plenteous contrast to the ragged kit and sweat-stained bandoleers of the cover party.

The elder individual, tall, thin and sporting the Victorian virility symbol of flaring muttonchops, was Lieut J B Carey, 98th Foot. Designated a 'special services' officer, the reconnaissance came well under his appointed brief.

This could not be claimed, however, of his junior, sallow-complexioned colleague. For Napoleon Eugène Louis Jean Joseph Buonaparte, the only son of a deceased upstart, was a pathetic figure, a Crown Prince without crown or country, or even the status of an accredited presence. Garbed in the undress uniform of an artillery lieutenant, his were the transparent colours of a Royal Pretender, an apprentice adventurer, colours he wore with a cavalier mixture of frivolity and petulance.

'Do not interfere with the Prince' – Colonel Harrison

A full hour passing, the Basutos failed to materialise. The Crown Prince impatiently suggested a start. Interpreting the suggestion as an order, Lieut Carey complied. Although he was not a little awed by his companion's pedigree, it seems clear that the cavalry willingly accepted directions from the Prince.

Picking up a local guide, Louis ordered his spare mount to be saddled for the horseless kaffir. Safely crossing the Blood River, a boundary tributary of the Buffalo, although under-strength and well into enemy territory, the patrol was fleetingly reassured by glimpses of pickets and vedettes, forward elements moving into position. They trotted awhile with Colonel Harrison, Quartermaster General and Carey's immediate superior. Enjoined by Lord Chelmsford to keep tight reins on their hot-headed VIP, the Colonel, although sanctioning his participation in a dangerous mission, noticed the missing Basutos. His discreet comment earned a disdainful shrug, the Prince tapping his sword, momento of his revered great-uncle, Napoleon I.

Somewhat embarrassed, Lieut Carey explained that the scouts were expected to rendezvous ahead. He was about to restrain the Prince from further gaffes when, surprisingly, Colonel Harrison motioned him forward, sending along a brother officer, Major Grenfell, to accompany the patrol.

Absorbed with mobilising problems, it is not hard to understand the colonel's weary indulgence towards a favoured guest. During the main advance to Itelezi hill, when Lord Chelmsford enquired after the Prince's whereabouts, he was assured that he had departed with Colonel Harrison to the new bivouac.

The C-in-C's reaction would have been seismic were he aware that the object of his concern was leading a sortie across the rugged Ityotyozi valley, earlier scene of brisk skirmishing.

By noon, Major Grenfell left the patrol on high ground, both officers sketching the tortuous terrain. The Basutos had not caught up. 'Take care', was the Major's parting cry. 'Don't get shot'.

The equally facetious rejoinder, 'Oh, Carey will take care of me', was to gain a sombre patina in retrospect.

'Is his conduct marked by steadiness and prudence, and is he temperate in his habits?' – Staff College Questionaire, 1878

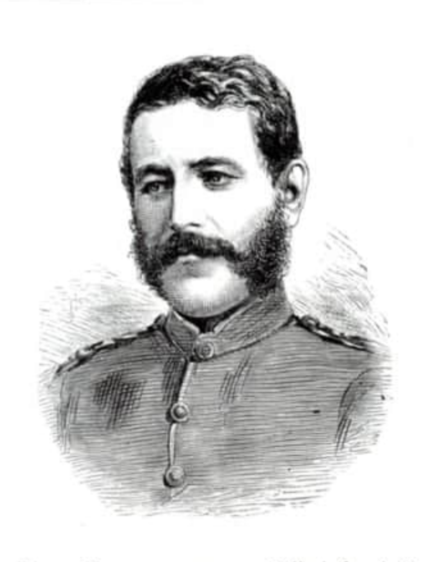
The son of a Leicester curate, Jaheel Benton Carey was so baptised in remembrance of a sea-going forbear from Nelson's era. This inheritance of religion and grapeshot marked his character for life; like many of Victoria's humble servants, he tended to praise God through a rifle rear sight.

Sent by an ambitious mother to the Lycee Imperialè in Paris, he picked up an affinity for French modes from the tender age of eight. By one of those quirky coincidences, Carey's warmest memories of Paris included the celebrations honouring the birth of the Prince Imperial. Louis, the son of a brother of Napoleon I, had gained power during the Revolution of 1848, taking advantage of dissents between conservatives, republicans, Orleanists and legitimists. An opportunist and a self-centred aristocrat, he nonetheless commanded popular appeal, and in re-establishing a Buonapartist regime, conjured a revival of Imperial glory, a dazzling Second Empire.

Entranced by the pomp and kudos heaped upon Napoleon III and his grandeur-weaned infant, Carey returned to England a confirmed Francophile, glossed with continental airs and volatile graces, traits a military career could not dissemble.

Enrolling at Sandhurst in 1864, he passed the course and was awarded a commission. Joining the West India Regiment, his formative years of service were less than inspiring – garrison stints in Africa and Jamaica.

One spasm of combat in the Honduras was to leave indelible scars on an imaginative mind. In 1867, while suppressing a revolt of Maya Indians, his regiment was confronted by hostile savages. Ordered to escort a civil official and parley, Ensign Carey barely escaped unscathed, the luckless official dragged from his mount and butchered. The regiment extricating itself by an inglorious retreat. Carey had his first glimpse of the obverse side of the martial coin, the reckoning of mishaps, when he was summoned to testify at an enquiry which examined the leadership of his CO.



Lieut Carey, court martialled for 'misbehaving before the enemy' and thus causing the death of the Prince Imperial.

In 1870, Carey volunteered to assist the English Ambulance in strife-riven France. The experience was traumatic for an admirer of the Buonapartist Succession. Lured by visions of a Grande Empire, the French armies were routed by the Prussians at Sedan. Carey's technical neutrality was wrenched in his hectic ministering, tending to the sick and dying combatants of both sides.

Appalled by the carnage of modernised warfare, he again crossed paths with the Crown Prince at Longueville Chateau; encountering a dusty retinue of mounted dignitaries, from the safety of his flag-draped fourgon he saluted the haggard emperor and his trembling son, their border-extending aspirations crumbling before the onslaught of Bismarck's Prussians.

Taken prisoner by Uhlans, released only to be confined in Paris during the siege that preceded French capitulation, Carey's humane efforts earned him a cross and diploma from the Société de Secours aux Blessés.

Further slack periods of time-serving in the West Indies and Malta brought him subsequently to the Staff College, Camberley, in 1877. Intent on improving his promotional chances through hard work, he conquered the stiff curriculum of military subjects deemed essential for the education of elite material.

By Christmas, 1878, bagging a commendable Staff College pass, and with the South African situation worsening towards conflict, Lieut. Carey's career was poised on a promising springboard.

'Your favourite virtue? – Courage'
'Your idea of unhappiness? – Exile'
'Your state of mind? – Sad'
– The Crown Prince, 1872

The candour of these album scribbles abbreviate the teenage dolour of Louis, following his family's undignified flight to the dubious sanctuary of England. Released from Prussian captivity, his father died soon after rejoining the Empress Eugenie in Chislehurst, Kent, bequeathing his son a galling legacy of shattered dreams.

Chary of meddling in continental matters, the English authorities were accommodating in schooling the young alien, although elements of condescension figured in their handling of a potential embarrassment.

Refusing to douse his hopes of eventual

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BLUNDER AT BLOOD RIVER

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restoration, Louis kept avidly in touch with Imperialist sympathisers, smarting from the jibes and canards of a partisan Paris press. Graduating in 1875 from Woolwich Academy, he chose an artillery commission, enjoying his Aldershot station and excelling at riding and fencing, though prone to melancholic fits, his dynastic issue fading from the hearts of the common French people.

By 1879, the callowness of his 22nd year concealed behind a slim moustache, he was still the butt and bone of Imperial and Republican factions. Increasingly frustrated, disbarred conscription in his own land, he confessed to friends, 'I am thirsting to smell powder'.

The unrest in Zululand, remote from continental circles yet accessible to Victorian stalwarts, was a godsend to a gallic hotspur. At last his thirst could be quenched.

'There are harbours with sandbars, rivers without water, hills without trees or shelter, hundreds of miles of sand separating one end of jurisdiction from another' – Times Correspondent, 1870

In keeping with much of its colonial acquisitions, the British Government of the 19th century viewed its African dominions with massive apathy and ignorance.

Capetown lost its value as a naval staging point once the Suez Canal opened in 1869. The annexations of Natal and the Orange Free State, wrought largely to contain land-hungry Boers, proved onerous possessions, especially when the stubborn Dutch established their Transvaal Republic adjacent to Zulu pastures. Resettling on native soil, these Boer farmers were as culpable in provoking strife as those religious zealots at home who lobbied Parliament, demanding off Gladstone and then Disraeli a firmer hand in the border squabbles around Zululand.

Sir Bartle Frere, the Cape governor, realised that Cetshwayo's divisions, 40,000 strong and militant, constituted a serious threat to Crown security. Wily enough not to court British wrath, the Zulu leader nonetheless resented outside advice and interference. The mediation of Theophilus Shepstone, Secretary for Native Affairs, and the meddling of Natal's Bishop Colenso, could not disperse inexorable storm clouds. The ultimatum finally delivered to Ulundi, the Zulu capital, made token concessions, acknowledging Boer trespasses. But its major demand, that Zulu warriors be free to marry without the traditional 'washing of spears' – in blood – was unsurprisingly ignored.

Early in January, 1879, a thousand-waggon expedition crossed the Tugela and the Buffalo rivers.

Sir Frederick Thesiger, 2nd Baron Chelmsford, was a capable supremo with a distinguished record in the Crimea and India. Planning a campaign of containment, he split his motley force into converging columns, a weakening tactic. The central train, largely stores waggons, reached Isandhlwana hill before the unthinkable happened.

Counter-striking with bewildering speed, the Zulus lured the infantry guarding the feature to extend its line. Puncturing the left flank, impis over-ran the unlaagered camp, trapping panic-stricken drivers, bandsmen, grooms and levies. Some 1300 ranks perished around Colonels Durnford and Pulleine, their bodies mutilated and supplies pillaged.

Within a fortnight the Invasion was over, pole-axed, only the defence at Rorke's Drift saving Natal from being raided.

'It is imperative I acquit myself' – The Prince Imperial

During the ensuing outcry, a staggered civilian populace demanding retribution and a shaken War Office urging caution, Louis lost no time in pulling strings.

He pressured his mother to approach Queen Victoria, with whom the Spanish-born Empress Eugenie enjoyed cordial relations. Nervously disposed, the Empress tried to curb her cub, but Louis was adamant. The scenario of combat would finally dry the poisonous pens of critics.

Reluctantly using her influence, the Empress secured – after ministerial opposition – a dispensation allowing the Prince to visit the theatre of war as a 'spectator'.

Accompanied only by his valet, the overjoyed Louis sailed from Southampton in February. His gesture had succeeded in stoking gratifying reactions, opposing political camps in France renewing their interest in his welfare. He might have adopted less fervent a profile had he known the exact sentiments of his letters of introduction, both the Queen's Cousin the Duke of Cambridge and the Governor of Woolwich Academy expressing misgivings as to his field conduct.

'He may prove too courageous' and 'rather impulsive' protrude like ribs from the padding of flattery, the extolling of extrovert virtues, the keenness, intelligence and considerable charm.

'No longer a buckram boy, but a lively lad' – Archibald Forbes

Preoccupied with organising his reinforcements, Lord Chelmsford accepted the Prince's credentials without questioning the vagueness of his 'spectating'. Though not placing him under orders, he ensured that Louis fulfilled an ADCs duties.

During April and May, while the Second Invasion was being planned, Lieut Carey and Louis finally met. Operating under the heady aegis of high command, sharing the rigours of field bivouacs, their acquaintanceship bloomed, Carey relating in fluent French his schooling, his ambulance-driving stint, his deep feeling for France.

Albeit constrained by his lack of nobility, his relative obscurity in the staff hierarchy, Carey developed a passionate regard for the young interloper and fellow volunteer, who, basking in the atmospherics of action, contested every opportunity to stick his neck out. Pestered incessantly, Lord Chelmsford relented occasionally, allowing the Prince to patrol under escort. During subsequent sorties, Louis came under fire and, for breaking formation and galloping after snipers, was reprimanded by the iron-willed Victoria Cross Colonel Redvers Buller. Deaf to disapproving noises, the Prince succeeded in inveigling himself on a three-day thrust into the Ityotyozi, barely evading Zulu ambushes and revelling in perilous scrapes. Bristling with bombast, the personal example he set won grudging tribute as well as scowls from his professional elders.

Both Forbes the English journalist and Deleage, a French contemporary, were alarmed by his risk-taking, and by the authorities' inability to leash it. Lieut Carey, however, was impressed by the Prince's sense of mission, and lauded his impetuous conduct. For his part, Carey's best chances for self-advancement lay in utilising his administrative talents, which he did with undiminishing aptitude, receiving commendations on his excellent charting and detailed organising.

At the end of May, the columns ready to advance, the need for a sketching of future camp sites arose. The Prince volunteered with habitual enthusiasm, wearing down Colonel Harrison's reservations. Hearing of the impending patrol, Carey asked to 'accompany his Highness',

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'Look father . . . I can't expect you to understand – cow shit may have been OK for you and mother, but I yearn for excitement . . . race-horse shit, leopard shit, whale shit . . .'

Blunder at Blood River

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as he also had mapping intelligence to verify.

Aware of the abundance of troops consolidating ahead, Harrison approved the joint venture. The night hours were spent by the two officers in cordial liaison, the career paragon and the plucky cockerel, packing by lantern light.

'I was never in command' – Lieut Carey to Press

Hot and fatigued, the reconnaissance rested on a feature overlooking the Ityotyozi river, while Lieut Carey completed sketching. Noting a small lifeless kraal, lower down beside a dry ravine, the Prince declared they could cook a meal by the shelter of its surrounding kaffir-corn.

'It is rather enclosed, Your Highness', the prudent Carey remarked, though as usual he gave in to the stronger will. The escort, recognising a descent into concealed terrain, let their wariness be swayed by the prospect of warm food, a proper break.

The patrol dismounted on a patch of beaten ground fronting a straggle of deserted huts. Unsaddled, knee-haltered, the horses were allowed to graze. A check around the empty cattle-pens should have alerted everyone. Freshly masticated sugar-cane was found beside warm ashes, signs of recent occupancy.

Yet Sergeant Willis and Corporal Grubb followed the example of their officers, sprawling languidly on the ground. No sentries were posted, neither were the troopers made to load their cumbersome Martini-Henrys.

Steeped in each others company, Carey and Louis chatted leisurely, the respite extending. It was nearly 3.30 before Carey came to his senses. Taking in the indolence of his protectors, sipping coffee and puffing pipes, he urged the Prince to saddle up.

Lolling, Louis laughed, begging another few moments. Suddenly the water-fetching guide reappeared, gibbering. Corporal Grubb translated 'armed Zulus'.

Rousing sharply, Louis ordered the horses to be collected. Within minutes all except Trooper Rogers had their mounts saddled, their left boots in stirrup, awaiting further commands. Rogers was still buckling the belly girth of his horse. Lieut Carey had mounted independently.

Just as the Prince verged on uttering the crucial mounting order, shots crashed out and the enclosing corn parted, disgorging a horde of screaming natives.

Trooper Rogers died first. His horse bolting, unchecked, he dashed into a hut. He managed to load his carbine and fire once before being impaled on assegais.

By virtue of being firmly saddled, Lieut Carey possessed a few precious seconds advantage over the melée. Assaulted by cries, frantic neighing, ragged fusilades, he saw a duplication of the horrific Honduras incident, the civil official a sack of hacked gore. Controlling his horse he broke into a gallop, urging the others to follow.

The following was a shambles. Not a single trooper recovered his wits to resist the shield-bearing warriors running around the huts.

The guide slipped on foot into the corn. Trooper Abel was felled, shot in the back. Trooper Le Tocque dropped his weapon, vaulted to the ground and snatched it back, regaining his cantering mount with a desperate leap.

'Put in the spurs', he yelled, overtaking Corporal Grubb. 'The Prince is down'.

So total was the panic, an immediate scattering and scramble of self-preservation, that none stopped for Louis. Clinging wildy to his mount, he got dragged for yards, unable to achieve his jostled stirrups. The horse, a locally purchased gray called Percy, shied in terror. Tightening his grip on the saddle pommel, the Prince braced his wiry legs and jumped, executing what was for him – 'A centaur in the saddle' – a routine equestrian skill.

But reality, a fearful fibre-snapping reality intruded on showy routine. The holster strap to which he clung split. The Prince was thrown violently and Percy bounded off, its load lightened.

Beyond the ravine, Lieut Carey regrouped his detail, his muzzy hopes dashed when the Prince's riderless grey was glimpsed. Quizzing the frightened survivors, Carey's indecisive muddle was clinched by hornetting bullets. Bent on cutting either flank, the Zulu war party was rapidly crossing the ravine.

Realising the inadequacy of three single-shot rifles and one sword against about 40 braves, he ordered a wide detour. Whipping their horses anew, the patrol withdrew. They had fired exactly one round during the encounter.

'Why, Carey, you are late for dinner' – Major Grenfell at HQ Mess

Late and lathered in shock, a shame-faced fugitive reported his tidings to steely-eyed superiors. That night Itelezi camp was charged with doom. Aghast and embarrassed, staff officers could only mumble apologies while Deleage, the sole French representative, furiously pleaded for a torch-lit procession, anything that might provide succour to the Prince's unclear condition. A massive search party set out early next morning, the fatal ravine cordoned by lancers.

Trooper Rogers was discovered half-naked, lacerated. Features horribly pulped, Trooper Abel was disembowelled. Repugnant to the British mentality, this abusing of the vanquished was a Zulu custom believed to ward off evil spirits.

The Prince Imperial was spared this final atrocity. His stripped body was a pincushion of stabbing wounds, his right eye and skull cloven, his slayers washing their spears in a heroic, fated struggle.

'Oh Annie! Oh for some Christian sympathy!' – Lieut Carey to wife

The aftermath was sticky, shot through with grief, controversy and Services buck-passing.

Left in a suspenseful limbo for days. Lieut

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kuragai ('upside-down jellyfish') because that's what it looks like. The ads appear mostly in *manga*, or men's comic books, that flood the news stands in their millions each week.

But the bigger hotels—Meguro Emperor, Akasaka's Chantilly and formerly Shinjuku's Hotel Honjin (which recently turned 'respectable') – are well-known because of their flamboyant fairy tale appearance and occasional TV commercials. At night their turrets and ramparts are illuminated with powerful searchlights.

The hotels can always be found near golf clubs. The road to Yokohama Country Club, for example, is lined with garish pink and purple love motels which are popular with nearby sportsmen. Comments one local taxi driver: 'They never bring their wives, these golfers.'

Tokyo's newest hotel, the Hotel Japan near Shibuya Station, is owned by a well-known female singer, Gogatsu Midori (literally 'May Green') who has painted the exterior red and white and installed expensive imported Italian furniture and what she euphemistically calls 'adult toys' in the rooms. As the young popstar says: 'I intended to make it a dreamland of the night where the dreams of young lovers come true – and even if they are not lovers they should think of themselves as such while they are in my hotel.'

Obviously most customers of love hotels bring their own partners (there are also hotels for homosexuals) but arrangements can be made for single customers who take the precaution of informing the management they need a massage. Then, as long as it is after 11.30 pm, one of the numerous Turkish bath girls will appear at the door to offer a 'special' massage for about 8000 yen (around £15). They will rarely appear before 11.30 pm because that's when the bars close and they prefer their customers drunk. It makes them more, uh, pliable.

How does the customer tell if the masseuse is willing to go further? Easy, explains an old *misu shobai* (nightlife business) habitué. It is only necessary to place a hand gently under the masseuse's miniskirt to see if she objects.

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Carey eventually asked for an enquiry, feeling sufficiently confident of exoneration. He landed in deeper water, however, the court recommending a Field Court Martial. The indictment was 'misbehaving before the enemy', tantamount to cowardice. The actual Court Martial proceedings are destroyed, whereas the judge-advocate's summary is embargoed against the public until 1979. Transcripts of the cross-examination suggest considerable hair-splitting over the actual responsibility of patrol commander. Conducting his defence vigorously, Carey succeeded in embroiling Colonel Harrison in virtual admissions of laxity. Certain troopers verified Carey's nimble flight, others attributed it to pure luck, the ethic of 'sauve qui peut' voiced, unblushingly.

When the court closed, sending the accused home to face its findings, an unfavourable verdict seemed assured. His request to serve in the closing stages of the campaign refused, Carey left Capetown by troopship, subsequently missing the decisive battle of Ulundi, where a harsh revenge was inflicted on Cetshwayo's forces, the impis decimated by massed artillery.

'My heart overflows and the wound bleeds anew' – Eugenie

Upon receiving the dread news, the Empress fainted into a coma. The French, their national ardour fanned by lurid rumours, saw all manner of treachery surrounding the Prince's demise. A shuffle of sorrow and unease touched all the personages involved. Despite an air of tragic inevitability lingering over the entire affair, key figures could not but rue contributing to a senseless, self-willed casualty of glory, the Empress, for indulging her son's fervour; Victoria, for sanctioning it and the Duke of Cambridge, for not specifying the limits to 'spectating'. Both Lord Chelmsford and Colonel Harrison attracted censure, for slackness in delegation of command, while Carey found himself thrust to the front of a patriotic stage.

Met at Portsmouth with the heartening confirmation of his captaincy gazetted, though technically under arrest, his plight argued ad nauseam by Service journals and penny papers, he gave florid interviews, responding like a thespian to familiar dialogue, improving his credibility and convictions with successive performances. The official verdict was Guilty, the sentence cashiering. However, mercy was recommended, and Victoria, beseeched by a tearful Eugenie, issued a pardon.

Overnight a near-hero, Captain Carey was reluctant to leave the limelight, continuing to address deputations and prayer meetings, as if he feared sidling to the wings, where his only cronies would be military ones, sceptical and watchful of notoriety.

He seems never to have plumbed the hollowness of his deliverence. What the British Public of that time dared not contemplate was the possibility of its Service leaders being craven. Carey's evasion of retribution bolstered the nation's self-esteem, its image of martial invincibility.

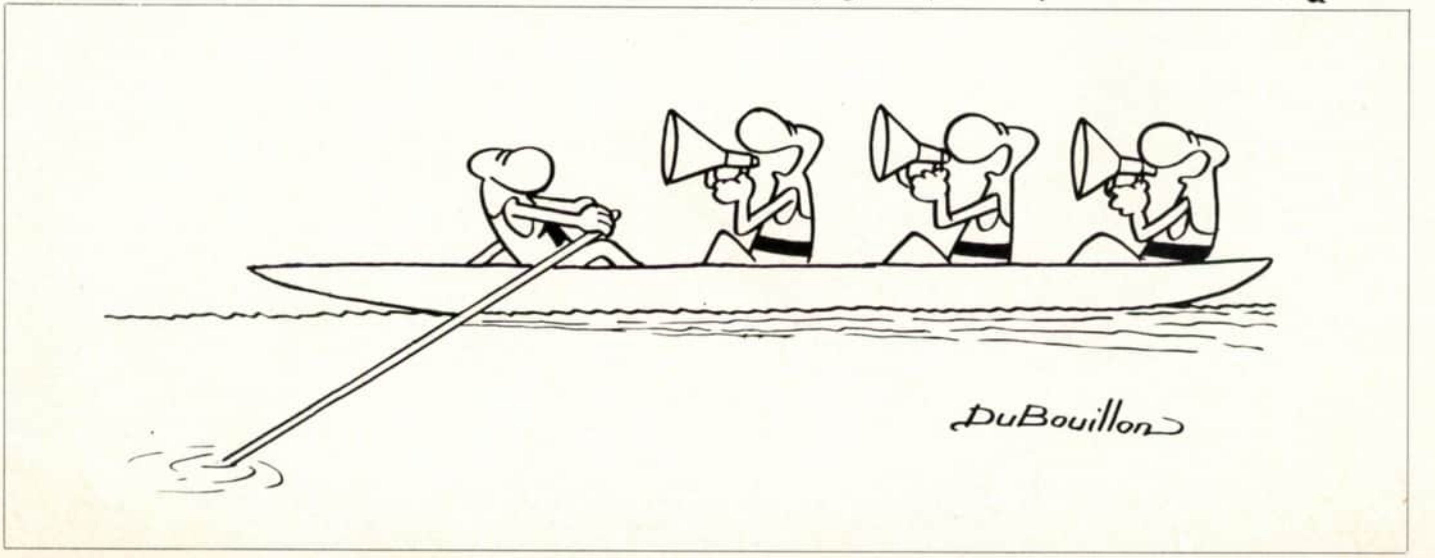
Attended by Queen Victoria and royal dukes, the funeral of the Crown Prince was a heavy business, some 40,000 mourners cramming the lanes around St Mary's Church, Chislehurst.

Pining for the rest of her life, Eugenie finally had the remains of her husband and son transferred to a larger, ornate crypt at Farnborough, where she retired to a grieving privacy.

Rejoining his regiment in Malta, Captain Carey followed the 98th to India. That he did not resign his commission testifies to some ultimate resilience. Despite the misgivings of fellow officers and the blight on his promotion prospects, he chose to plod on. Popular accounts depict him as blackballed, ostracised, though it seems truer that he was merely left alone, proving useful where once shone excellence.

In 1883, while supervising a fatigue's detail at Hyderabad, Carey was kicked in the abdomen by a restive horse, dying painfully of peritonitis.

The mount despatching an unlucky soldier had the same colouring as the Prince's grey. A fanciful coincidence? No less frail a connection than a holster strap of leathered cardboard, or indeed the entire crooked chain of events that sealed forever the Napoleonic cause in France.



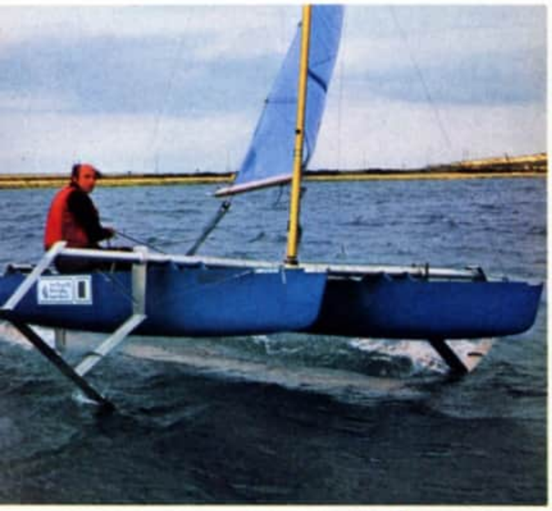
Tornacious

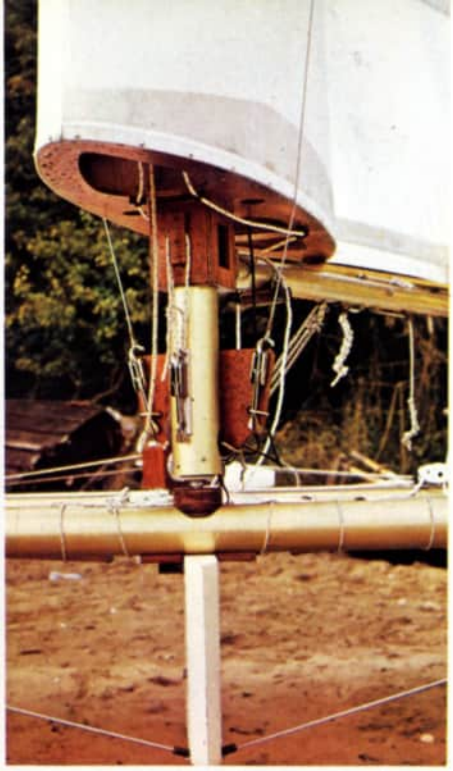
Some of the strangest yet swiftest craft afloat attempt to break world speed sailing records. Photography by Andrew Morland/Story by Keith Diggle

Going with the Wind

Speed has a fascination all of its own. On water it can be a compelling, obsessive challenge. And it is relative. To the powerboater taking the circuit on Lake Windermere a speed of 110 mph on the straight may be exciting but it breaks no records. At sea half that speed will win races. The man who uses no more than the action of wind on sail sets his sights lower in terms of speed alone but as competitors in the annual John Player World Sailing Speed Record attempts have discovered, the thrill experienced as the forces of nature are harnessed and put to work can surpass all others. If added to this is the element of invention, the possibility that *you* may be the one to make the technical breakthrough to sailing faster than anyone has ever done before, you have a truly exciting sport. The world speed sailing record, across a measured half kilometre, currently stands at 31.09 knots and it was achieved by a boat called *Crossbow* at the 1975 John Player World Sailing Speed Record event

Main picture shows Tornacious, *a 20-foot catamaran, going flat-out on her speed sailing trials in Portland Harbour, Dorset. She eventually recorded a respectable top speed of 16.8 knots. Left, surfboard or speed sailer? Calling for strong nerves and strong arms,* Tandem, *a two-man 'Windglider', may look odd compared to conventionally ship-shaped ships, yet knifed through the water at a nippy 13.5 knots over a measured half-kilometre course.*





held in Portland Harbour. Faster speeds are possible and the purpose of these annual trials, now the mecca of all speed sailors, is to provide the challenge and the facilities for pushing out the frontiers.

Just how fast can a boat sail? No-one yet knows. The traditional sailing buff will quote the formula which makes maximum speed work out at roughly 1.4 times the square root of the waterline length. How then does Philip Hansford make his 15-foot craft *Mayfly* achieve her incredible 19.4 knots when the formula throws up a figure of around 5.5 knots? The answer lies in the design of the craft and the skill of the man who sails her.

A fast hull is long and slender and the ideal shape for speed is, paradoxically,

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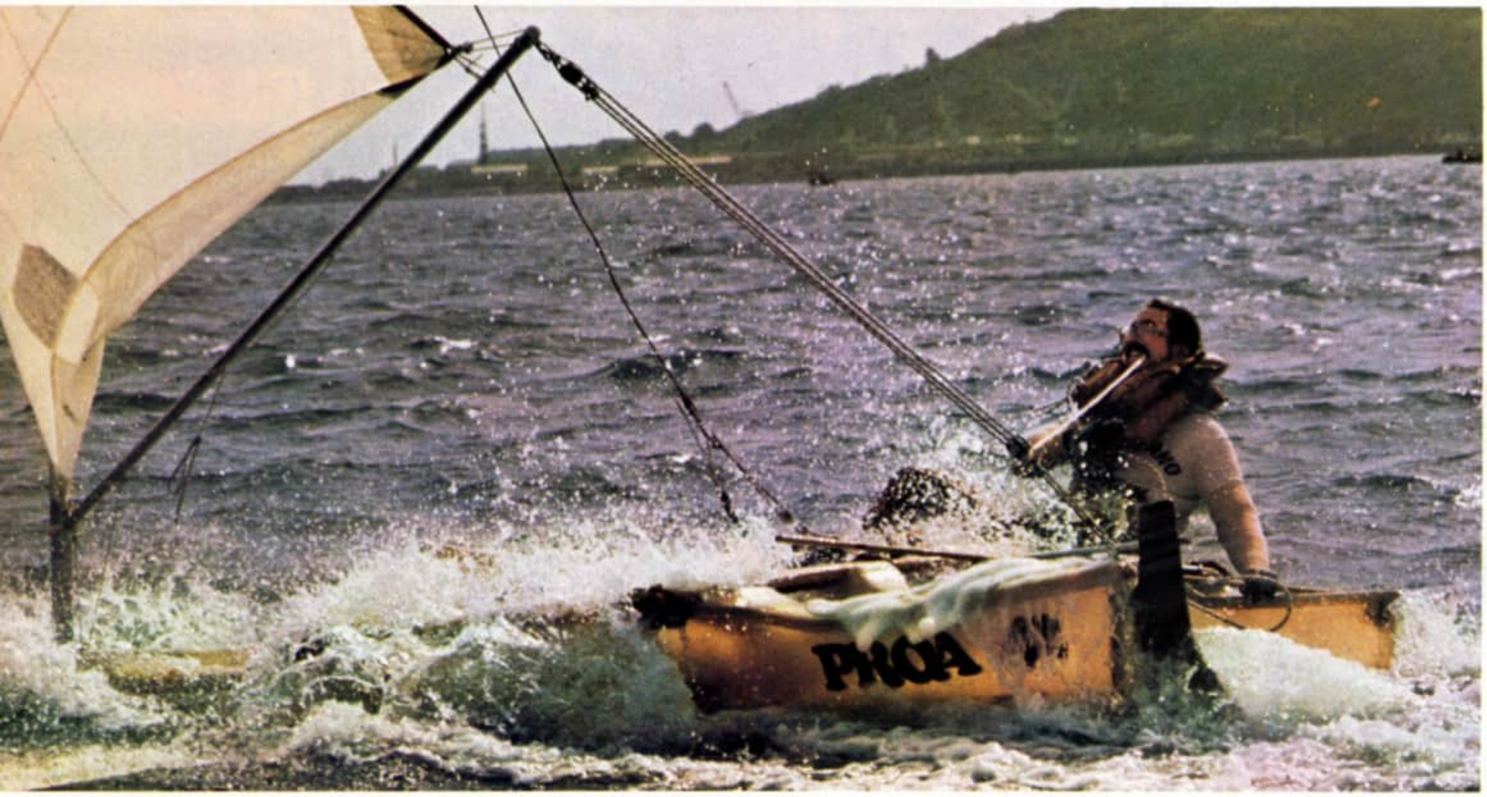

Pictures this page show, bottom, competitors gathered in Portland Harbour's Castle Cove. Middle, Veleno *a Proa 42 sailed by Italy's Giancarlo Benzi. Top left, the catamaran* Mayfly *at speed. Note the hydrofoils. Top right, close-up of a wing-sail – note the aerodynamic similarity to an aircraft wing. Opposite top the colourful* Tandem. *Bottom, the dramatic moment when the Italian cat* Smile Again *very nearly looped-the-loop.*

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Going with the Wind

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much too long and too slender to be sailed with any degree of stability. Keels are out as they offer too much resistance to the water. So the catamaran and the proa dominate the scene. Both types of craft are essentially a couple of hulls strapped together. The cat has hulls of the same size, both designed for maximum cutting power through water, and it can be sailed on all points of the wind. The proa, of Malayan origin, has one main hull and another, or outrigger, which is little more than a float to keep the craft from turning over when not moving at speed. The proa cannot take the wind from the side opposite the smaller hull but on the other side, ideally on a good tight reach, the turning moment of the wind's force lifts the outrigger or sidecar clear and the craft, now to all intents and purposes a monohull with a razor profile knifes through the water with its crew sitting to windward suspended feet from the surface.

Speed is reduced by the water's drag and in order to obtain the smallest possible wetted surface the hydrofoil has been brought into the act. A number of craft at Weymouth had these in one form or another. These devices operate like an aircraft's wing under the water and as the craft gathers speed, reaching perhaps 8 or 9 knots, it rises up under their lifting power until the hull is completely free of the water and the boat flies free and fast. The ideal combination seems to be cat plus hydrofoils and it is this system that gives *Mayfly* her 19.4 knots.

The craft that gather at Castle Cove, Portland Harbour, in late summer each year include the widest range of sailing machines imaginable. Monohulls with hydrofoils, straight production cats, cats with hydrofoils, canoes with outriggers, monohulls with floats on either side, proas, windsurfers and some so bizarre they defy easy description. Dominating the field since the beginning of the event's history has been the huge 55 feet of Timothy Colman's *Crossbow*, an enormously expensive proa, the world record holder.

The event was started in 1972 when John Player & Sons sent out a challenge to the world. Together with the Royal Yachting Association they set up the organisation that would stimulate yachtsmen everywhere to see if an answer could be found to that question, Just how fast can a boat sail? A trophy and a prize of £2000 to the fastest helmsman in the world.

Crossbow currently the record-holder sails in the Open Class where anything goes and frequently does. There are four other categories defined by sail area, 10, 13.94, 21.84 and 27.88 square metres. The winners in each division receive a John Player Trophy and a prize of £125.

This simple classification according to sail area alone gives plenty of scope for invention. *Boreas*, a catamaran, has a remarkably small sail of trapezium shape the designer having taken the conventional triangle sail and lopped off the bits that do least work. The surgery, apart from any aerodynamic advantage, drops the craft into the 10 square metre class – and *Boreas* wins it at 14.1 knots. *Bluey*, also in the smallest class, has the nearest thing to an aircraft wing style sail with her solid luff and taut double sided terylene sail. *Clifton Flasher*, sadly not present at the '75 trials, has no fewer than five vertical solid sails making her look like an early experimental aircraft that has ditched on its side. It is an odd looking craft but it can make 22 knots and would probably have won its 27.88 square metre class had it appeared.

Materials used must combine strength with lightness. They have to in a sport where every square inch of sail and hull has to earn its keep. For hulls, fibreglass is inevitably much in evidence. *Veleno*, the Proa 42 sailed by Giancarlo Benzi from Milan, is attractively left unpainted the clear resin bonded skin making it look even more a creature of the sea.

The 1975 event started with strong gale to storm force winds that tore the Castle Cove Sailing Club Commodore's boat from her mooring and had most of the competitors and administrators down on the beach trying to prevent her from pounding to bits on the shingle. Even speed sailors fight shy of wind like that. As the week progressed weather improved, the sun came out and the sailing started.

Many eyes were on *Tandem*, a two-man 'Windglider', which is little more than a surfboard with sails. In her class, 13.94 square metres, she was up against *Mayfly* but achieved a fastest speed of 13.5 knots. With her pair of yellow, white, red and blue sails she may not have been the fastest but she was certainly the prettiest.

In the 21.84 square metre class the 20 foot Tornado cat *Tornacious* tore through to 16.8 knots, within one tenth of a knot of the class winner, the French Hobie Cat 16.

Most spectacular effort of the week was from the Italian owned *Smile Again* which, apart from equalling *Tandem's* 13.5 knots, performed an almost complete somersault during one run and had John Player wondering if they should institute a special aerobatic prize.

Speed Sailing is a specialised sport and for the majority of sailors the benefits come as spin-off in the various technical developments that emerge. But you don't need to commission a *Crossbow* to compete; there are production boats which go fast enough to give you a chance of breaking a record. A Hobie Cat 16 can be bought in this country for £1150 plus VAT and there is a 14 footer available at £750 plus VAT. All you need then is to be a good sailor but even if you don't win a prize there is still the pleasure to be had from sitting in the club house just talking about sailing over a pint or four.

The '76 John Player World Sailing Speed Trials start on September 25 and continue until October 2. Venue: Portland Harbour, Weymouth. Details from Racing Manager, Royal Yachting Association, Victoria Way, Woking, Surrey GU21 1EQ.

From circular beds that turn and tilt to built-in video recorders for instant do-it-yourself blue movies Japan's love hotels cater for every taste

Inns of every happiness

By John Wilcock

The turreted Hotel Meguro Emperor has 35 rooms done up in almost a score of different styles: the hotel's customers like plenty of variety. Most of them, though, opt for what the manager calls the 'flying, revolving bed' style, such as room 607. With a bedside keyboard offering a wide range of electronic gyrations, guests usually feel they are getting their money's worth.

For the Meguro Emperor, towering like a medieval castle above the muddy river of a busy Tokyo suburb, is a Love Hotel, one of literally hundreds in a country where love-in-the-afternoon, or evening for that matter, is nothing to be ashamed of.

In almost every fair-sized Japanese town there have always been plenty of quiet, backstreet hostelries catering to those who seek a room by the hour (usual rate: £3 and up) as their exterior signs clearly indicated. But the network of super highways that has grown up in the past decade has encouraged the growth of scores of exotic caravanserai of Arabian Nights appearance, whose garish purple and orange neon outlines dot the skyline outside Osaka, Nagoya, Kyoto, along the Tomei Expressway.

Although some of the hotels are independent, many are part of a chain – often owned by the ubiquitous Koreans, who in Japanese eyes, assume some of the stigma of Sicilians in America – and their proprietors are usually heavily into other aspects of the leisure industry, owning bowling alleys, golf driving ranges or striptease theatres.

The increasingly sophisticated interiors of these hotels have resulted in escalating costs, the bill for the Meguro Emperor, for example, topping 650 million yen (more than £1 million) when it was completed little more than a year ago.

But from first entering the tranquil lobby with its stuffed tiger, gleaming suit of armour and illuminated fountain, the often nervous guest is put at his ease. Black net drapes over the reception booth shield him and his date from the clerk's gaze and he is swiftly despatched down the discreetly lit hallway to a noiseless lift (whose plaque assures him that Bankamericard is accepted and that check-out time is 10 am).

Few guests actually stay the whole night, for which the rate is anything up to 22,000 yen (about £35), most settling for a couple of hours at about half the all-night rate. Frequent customers can apply for discount cards which allow them 30 per cent off the normal rates. But, the manager stresses, old customers are tactfully not greeted with familiarity.

When the doors to each suite are opened a variety of mechanisms are activated: the room heat is automatically turned up, bells chime a carousel and a taped greeting in soft female tones welcomes the newcomers and hopes they will 'have a good time'.

Most of the suites are on two levels, one devoted to sitting room with bar, glass-fronted refrigerator containing soft drinks, beer, liquid vitamins and (always) canned mandarin oranges. Tiger skins and nude paintings dot the walls, French provincial telephones match the decor. Bathrooms, invariably of marble, possess individual saunas, circular bathtubs, bidets, hair dryers, a full range of toiletries. Some have transparent bathtubs.

Bedrooms feature circular beds with control panels to turn the bed in any direction, up, down and around, as well as to provoke gentle, rocking vibrations. Music controls and light dimmers are within easy reach. Remote-controlled colour television and an electrically operated sliding panel to uncover ceiling mirrors are other features.

Suite 306 is especially favoured by the younger visitors with its ancient flintlock guns on the walls, a plush crown in a glass case and a roulette table with all necessary appurtenances for a little gambling before the frolic.

Suite 905, all in Japanese style with tatami mat floor, features a 'floating bedroom'. All of white cypress wood and constructed without the use of a single nail by shrine carpenters who have specialized in this type of building since the Heian era more than 1000 years ago, it sits on solid floor surrounded by a four or five feet channel of water and is reached by inset stepping stones.

Like many others this suite contains a video recording unit, the camera aimed at the bed to enable its occupants to film a 20-minute sex movie and play it back instantly on the set beside them. Several of the suites contain movie screens and projectors with a choice of four porn movies available at the flick of a switch.

One suite has a permanent 'rainfall', artfully arranged by hidden pumps, emphasized by gorgeous colour lighting.

Advertisements for love hotels, sometimes referred to as 'avec' hotels (you ask somebody to go 'with' you), often carry a symbol known to the Japanese as *sakasa*

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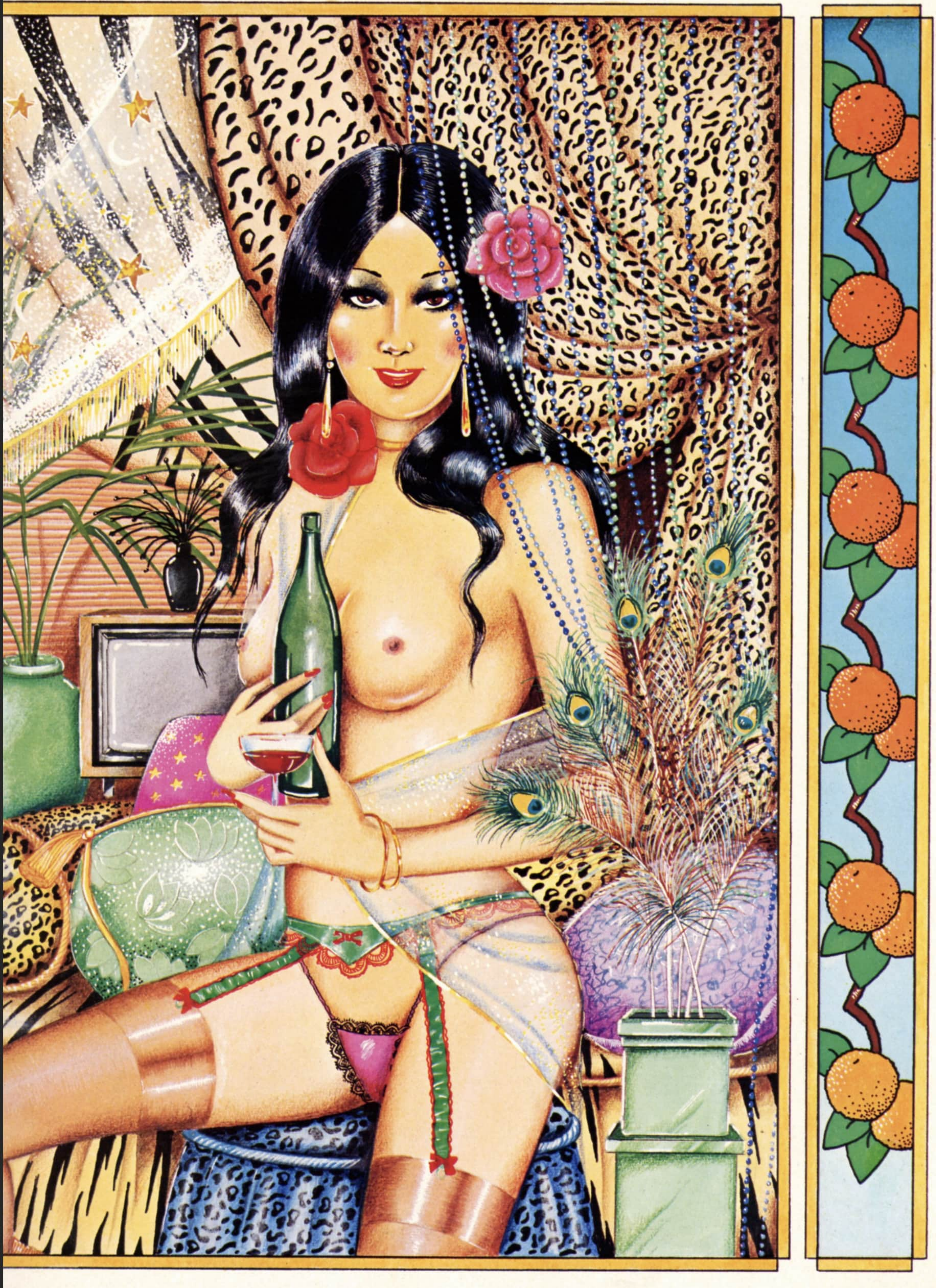
ILLUSTRATION BY KASIA CHARKO



continued from page 76

kuragai ('upside-down jellyfish') because that's what it looks like. The ads appear mostly in *manga*, or men's comic books, that flood the news stands in their millions each week.

But the bigger hotels—Meguro Emperor, Akasaka's Chantilly and formerly Shinjuku's Hotel Honjin (which recently turned 'respectable') – are well-known because of their flamboyant fairy tale appearance and occasional TV commercials. At night their turrets and ramparts are illuminated with powerful searchlights.

The hotels can always be found near golf clubs. The road to Yokohama Country Club, for example, is lined with garish pink and purple love motels which are popular with nearby sportsmen. Comments one local taxi driver: 'They never bring their wives, these golfers.'

Tokyo's newest hotel, the Hotel Japan near Shibuya Station, is owned by a well-known female singer, Gogatsu Midori (literally 'May Green') who has painted the exterior red and white and installed expensive imported Italian furniture and what she euphemistically calls 'adult toys' in the rooms. As the young popstar says: 'I intended to make it a dreamland of the night where the dreams of young lovers come true – and even if they are not lovers they should think of themselves as such while they are in my hotel.'

Obviously most customers of love hotels bring their own partners (there are also hotels for homosexuals) but arrangements can be made for single customers who take the precaution of informing the management they need a massage. Then, as long as it is after 11.30 pm, one of the numerous Turkish bath girls will appear at the door to offer a 'special' massage for about 8000 yen (around £15). They will rarely appear before 11.30 pm because that's when the bars close and they prefer their customers drunk. It makes them more, uh, pliable.

How does the customer tell if the masseuse is willing to go further? Easy, explains an old *misu shobai* (nightlife business) habitué. It is only necessary to place a hand gently under the masseuse's miniskirt to see if she objects.

continued from page 74

Carey eventually asked for an enquiry, feeling sufficiently confident of exoneration. He landed in deeper water, however, the court recommending a Field Court Martial. The indictment was 'misbehaving before the enemy', tantamount to cowardice. The actual Court Martial proceedings are destroyed, whereas the judge-advocate's summary is embargoed against the public until 1979. Transcripts of the cross-examination suggest considerable hair-splitting over the actual responsibility of patrol commander. Conducting his defence vigorously, Carey succeeded in embroiling Colonel Harrison in virtual admissions of laxity. Certain troopers verified Carey's nimble flight, others attributed it to pure luck, the ethic of 'sauve qui peut' voiced, unblushingly.

When the court closed, sending the accused home to face its findings, an unfavourable verdict seemed assured. His request to serve in the closing stages of the campaign refused, Carey left Capetown by troopship, subsequently missing the decisive battle of Ulundi, where a harsh revenge was inflicted on Cetshwayo's forces, the impis decimated by massed artillery.

'My heart overflows and the wound bleeds anew' – Eugenie

Upon receiving the dread news, the Empress fainted into a coma. The French, their national ardour fanned by lurid rumours, saw all manner of treachery surrounding the Prince's demise. A shuffle of sorrow and unease touched all the personages involved. Despite an air of tragic inevitability lingering over the entire affair, key figures could not but rue contributing to a senseless, self-willed casualty of glory, the Empress, for indulging her son's fervour; Victoria, for sanctioning it and the Duke of Cambridge, for not specifying the limits to 'spectating'. Both Lord Chelmsford and Colonel Harrison attracted censure, for slackness in delegation of command, while Carey found himself thrust to the front of a patriotic stage.

Met at Portsmouth with the heartening confirmation of his captaincy gazetted, though technically under arrest, his plight argued ad nauseam by Service journals and penny papers, he gave florid interviews, responding like a thespian to familiar dialogue, improving his credibility and convictions with successive performances. The official verdict was Guilty, the sentence cashiering. However, mercy was recommended, and Victoria, beseeched by a tearful Eugenie, issued a pardon.

Overnight a near-hero, Captain Carey was reluctant to leave the limelight, continuing to address deputations and prayer meetings, as if he feared sidling to the wings, where his only cronies would be military ones, sceptical and watchful of notoriety.

He seems never to have plumbed the hollowness of his deliverence. What the British Public of that time dared not contemplate was the possibility of its Service leaders being craven. Carey's evasion of retribution bolstered the nation's self-esteem, its image of martial invincibility.

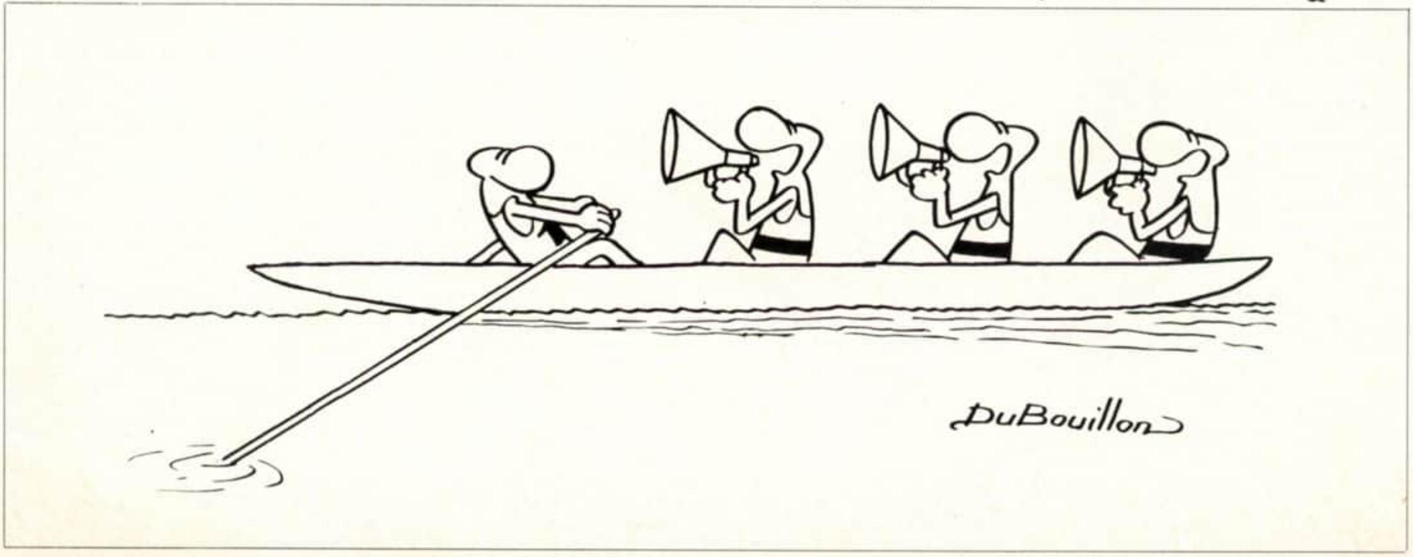
Attended by Queen Victoria and royal dukes, the funeral of the Crown Prince was a heavy business, some 40,000 mourners cramming the lanes around St Mary's Church, Chislehurst.

Pining for the rest of her life, Eugenie finally had the remains of her husband and son transferred to a larger, ornate crypt at Farnborough, where she retired to a grieving privacy.

Rejoining his regiment in Malta, Captain Carey followed the 98th to India. That he did not resign his commission testifies to some ultimate resilience. Despite the misgivings of fellow officers and the blight on his promotion prospects, he chose to plod on. Popular accounts depict him as blackballed, ostracised, though it seems truer that he was merely left alone, proving useful where once shone excellence.

In 1883, while supervising a fatigue's detail at Hyderabad, Carey was kicked in the abdomen by a restive horse, dying painfully of peritonitis.

The mount despatching an unlucky soldier had the same colouring as the Prince's grey. A fanciful coincidence? No less frail a connection than a holster strap of leathered cardboard, or indeed the entire crooked chain of events that sealed forever the Napoleonic cause in France.

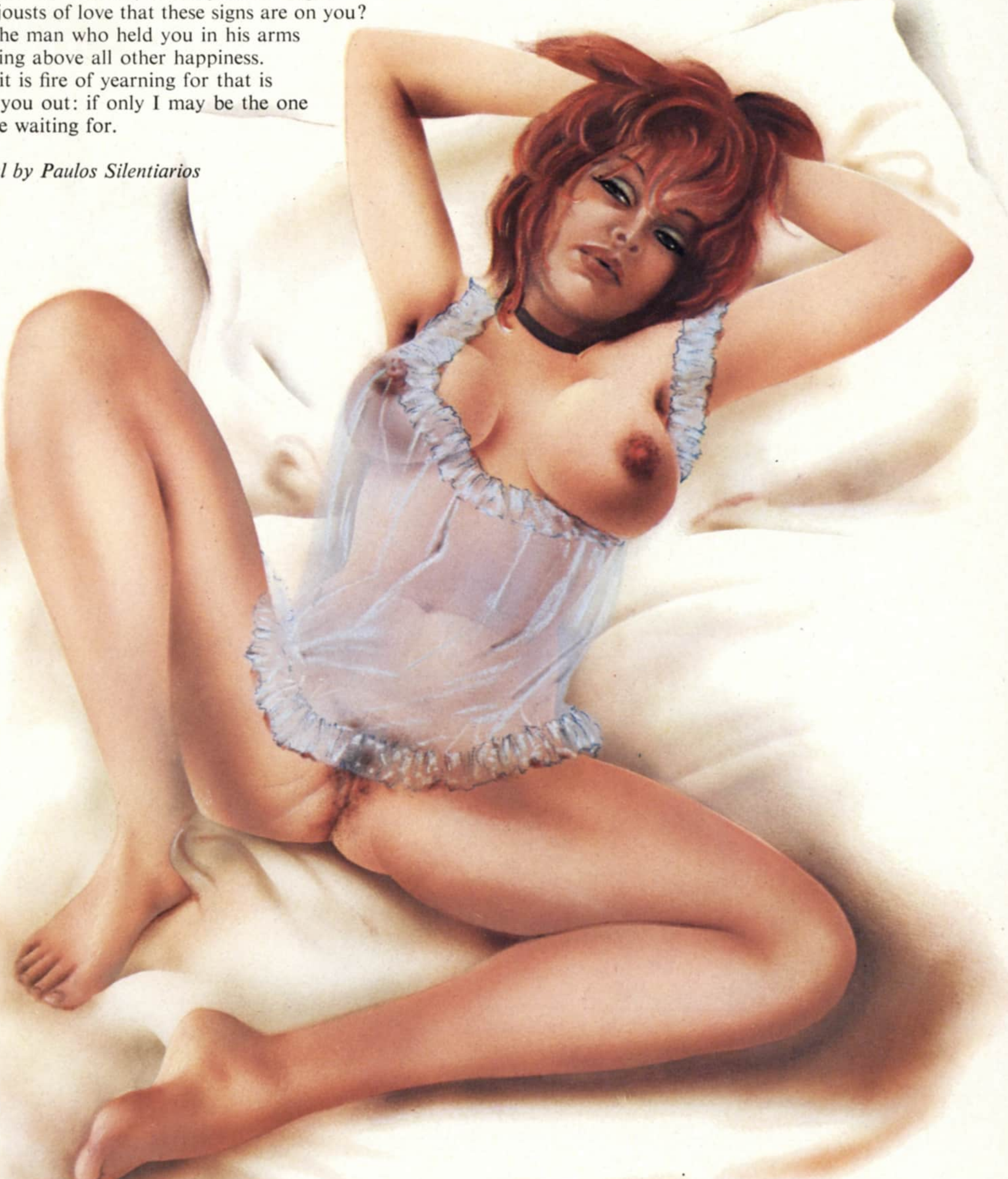


ETERNAL ORACLES

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb: No. 23

Your eyes which breathe love are heavy,
beautiful darling, as if you have just
been woken and pulled from your bed.
Your hair is untidy. Your normally rosy
cheeks are pallid. Your whole body is softly
languid. Is it because you've spent the night
in the jousts of love that these signs are on you?
Then the man who held you in his arms
is soaring above all other happiness.
But if it is fire of yearning for that is
eating you out: if only I may be the one
you are waiting for.

original by Paulos Silentiarios



Gentlemen, that reminds me...

On the round there was a new milkman who hadn't quite come to grips with his order book. At one particular house, there was such a racket from an argument going on inside, with much plate smashing, that he was hesitant in approaching the porch.

Suddenly, the door opened and a small boy cringed out. 'What's all that noise about?' asked the milkman.

'Oh that, it's just my parents fighting as always.'

'What's your father's name?' asked the milkman, glancing at his order book.

'That's what they're always fighting about,' said the boy.

A prim young lady had just graduated from teacher's training college and had been posted to one of the roughest schools in the roughest neighbourhoods of the city. On her first day at school she thought she would present her class with a few questions just to find out how much her pupils knew. After she had given maths and English questions she decided to ask one on history. Pointing to Mick, one of the duller members of the class she asked: 'Who signed the Magna Carta?'

'Effed if I know,' replied the boy. The young teacher turned bright red and was obviously embarrassed, much to the delight of the entire class.

Never having encountered such a situation before, she was unsure of what to do but was determined to teach him a lesson. She told the boy that she would sort it out with his father after school.

That evening she accompanied the boy home but his father was not in. After much prompting the boy reluctantly led the teacher to where he knew his father would be – the Rose and Crown.

When they arrived, the boy pointed out his father, a large, tough-looking man. The young girl immediately pushed her way through the crowd and arrived at the boy's father. 'I'm Mick's new teacher,' she explained, 'do you know what he said to me today? I asked him who signed the Magna Carta and he said "effed if I know".' Immediately the father grabbed the boy, slapped him across the face and to the girl's utmost shock yelled: 'Well, you bloody sneaky little bastard, did you sign the effing thing or not?'

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

An American touring the north of Scotland came upon a small man by the side of the road and who was selling small black balls.

The tourist, upon enquiring the nature and cost of the balls was told that they were learning balls and were £5 each.

The American, eager to partake of local customs, bought two and promptly ate them. 'Yuck,' he said, swallowing, 'they taste like sheep dung.'

'Aye,' replied the Scot, 'You're learning already.'

There were only two candidates for the position of lion tamer with the local circus. The first was a beautiful 18-year-old blonde and the second was a six foot five inch, 18-stone strongman.

It was decided that they should both show their expertise in the ring and it was agreed that the ladies-first rule should apply. The beautiful and buxom blonde entered the cage after being given a few basic pointers by the ringmaster. To the surprise of both the other hopeful and the circus staff, the blonde removed all her clothes and lay on the cage floor. To the amazement of the gathered spectators the lions did not attack her: instead they approached her, started purring and licked her from head to toe.

The ringmaster visibly impressed turned to the strongman and asked: 'Can you do that?'

'Of course I can,' he replied, 'but first you've got to get rid of those damned lions.'

The southerner had just crossed the border into Wales when he felt the call of nature. Stopping at the first village he asked one of the natives if there was a urinal in the town.

'There's a 'Ugh Griffiths and a 'Ugh Williams, but I've never heard of a 'Ugh Rinal. You'd better ask at the police station, boyo.'

'Where can I find it?' pursued the Englishman.

'Carry straight on for about 400 yards then it's on your right. You can't miss it, it's right opposite the public lavatories.'

Stefan and Roger, two indulgers of the gay life, were walking round the mammoth fun-fair which had invaded their town.

Stefan cast his eyes upon the big dipper and passing his shoulder bag to Roger, decided he must try it out. He clapped his hands in sheer delight as the car went up and down and round and round and decided that he would go around once again.

This went on for four times and at the end of the fourth time round Stefan said to the attendant that he would have another go, for the road.

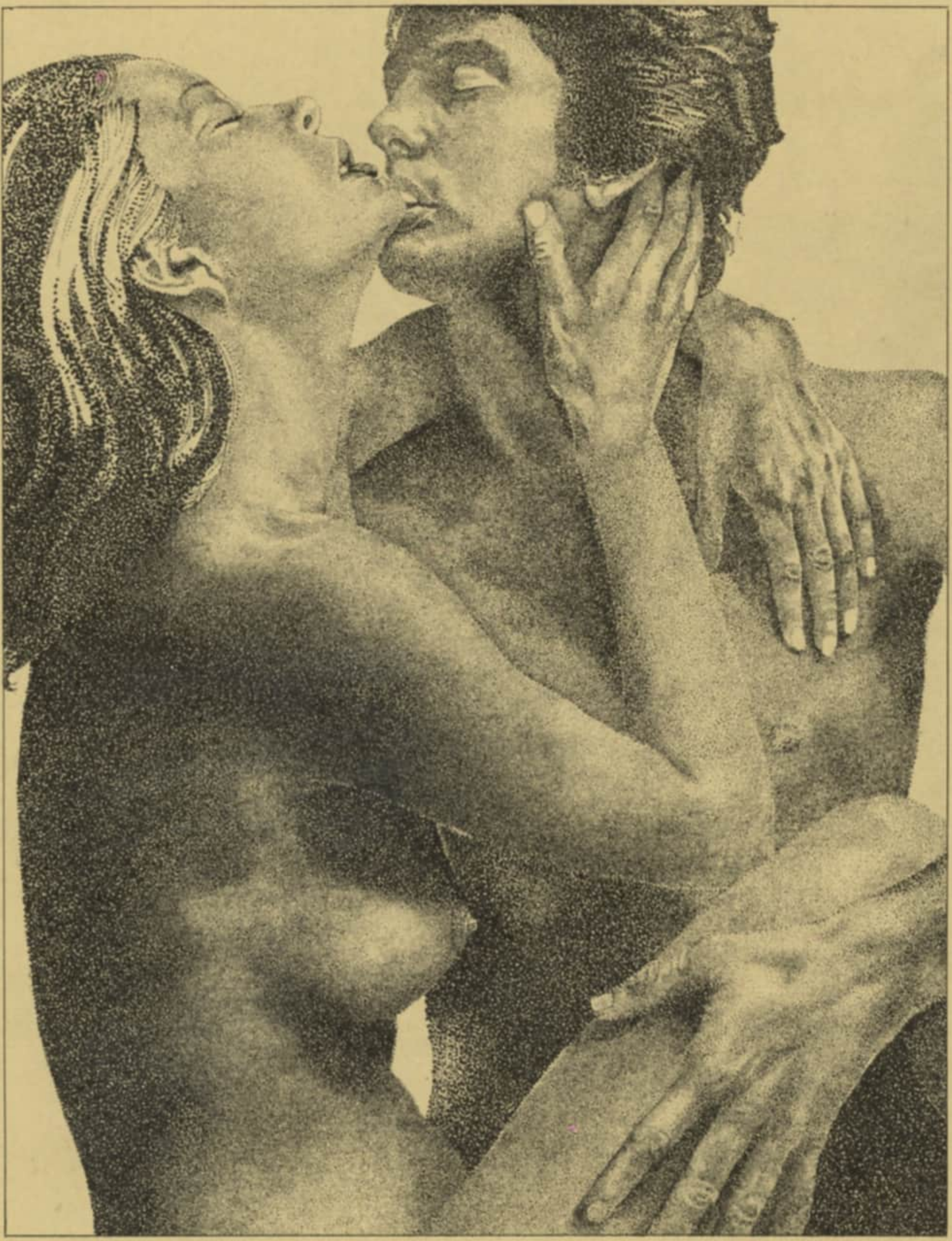
The car started off once again and all was well until it reached the top of the first hill. There, suddenly, it left the rails and plummeted to earth, landing with a sickening thud.

Roger dashed over to see his friend who was lying prone on the ground with every bone in his body broken. 'Stefan,' cried Roger, 'are you hurt?'

'Hurt,' Stefan replied. 'Of course I'm hurt. I've been round four times and you haven't waved once.'

There was a young fellow named Sweeney
Whose girl was a terrible meanie.
The hatch of her snatch
Had a catch that would latch –
She could only be screwed by Houdini.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.



QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Eight

How enticing can a camera be to girls? What is it about the situation of photographer and model – both on an amateur and a professional basis – that causes many women to expose themselves and their desires in ways they would otherwise hardly dream of? This month, in the first of a series on erotic situations, we look at the relationship between photographers and their models. Many women, it seems, are unwilling to indulge in sex, no matter how eager, without what they feel to be an adequate excuse. This can be simply the man's persistence or as much as a declaration of love or great affection. But some situations – like the three described here – seem by their very nature to provide their own excuse.

INTRODUCTION

The camera, we have found, can be a potent aphrodisiac to many women; the photographic session – however casually undertaken – ripe with the possibilities of female exhibitionism and male voyeurism. Our first interviewee this month found the chance presence of a friend's camera the starting point for a bout of uninhibited love-making. The second – for reasons of curiosity as well as a tempting fee – agreed to take part in a sexy movie, including a hard-core version which involved actual intercourse with a fellow performer. The third – male – interviewee deliberately used his hobby of photography as a means of approaching girls – with unexpected results.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Shop assistant, 20 years old, blonde, town of origin Stevenage**

This interviewee had left school at sixteen to train as a dental assistant but grew bored with the work. She now worked in a central London boutique, and shared a bedsitter with another girl.

Quest: Can you tell me about the pictures Ian took of you?

Assistant: They were just a laugh. We were only messing about. They didn't come to anything anyway.

Quest: Were they intended to?

Assistant: Johnny thought we might sell them. I think he did take them to some magazine. Not yours. But they weren't right. I don't know why.

Quest: Johnny was in the pictures with you?

Assistant: Some of them. Some were just me. I kept a couple of them. I thought they were quite nice.

Quest: Presumably they were nude?

Assistant: I did a sort of strip-tease. I told you it was just a laugh. We were just messing about.

Quest: Both of you nude?

Assistant: Mmmm. Oh yes. Ian, too, by the time we'd finished. I don't think we did finish, not the pictures! But we had a great time.

Quest: Was Johnny your boyfriend then?

Assistant: We went about together.

Quest: And Ian too?

Assistant: They were mates. They had their own flat for a while.

Quest: But were you sleeping with Johnny?

Assistant: I couldn't imagine having a boyfriend if I didn't.

Quest: What about Ian?

Assistant: I slept with him a couple of times. More than that I suppose. But I knew Johnny first.

Quest: How did you meet?

Assistant: When I first left home. I was in a right state. I'd just broken up with this

QUEST

why you can't do without it

Quest represents an invaluable insight into female sexuality. Past surveys have covered a wide variety of subjects under this heading, a choice of which is still available from the following back numbers of Mayfair magazine.

Vol. 7 Nos. 11 Daytime mistresses 51p; Vol. 8 Nos. 3 Girls who give signals 51p; 4 Girls who trigger secret desires 51p; 5 Girls with extra-sensitive genitals 51p; 6 Sex before speaking 51p; 7 Mothers and daughters sharing sex secrets 51p; 8 Films that get girls going 51p; 9 Girls who have sex out of spite 51p; 10 Girls in motor cars 56p; 11 Sex in the sky 56p; 12 Girls on trains 80p; Vol. 9 Nos. 1 Sex substitutes 56p; 2 Voyeuristic girls 56p; 3 Female fantasies 56p; 4 Best friends' wives 56p; 5 Aunts and nephews 64p; 6 Uncles and nieces 64p; 7 Stepfathers and daughters 64p; 8 Long promised affairs 64p; 9 New sex styles 74p; 10 One night stands 74p; Girls and mystery men 74p; 12 The lure of notoriety 74p; Vol. 10 Nos. 1 Girls who are sexier than they think 74p; 2 The appeal of knickers 74p; 3 Sexy phone calls 74p; 4 Bold talk 74p; 5 Same room sex 74p; 6 Fashion flirts 74p; 7 Virgins '75 74p; 8 Jealous sex 74p; 9 Women who take the lead 74p; 10 Girls who like to be watched 74p; 11 Exhibitionist girls 74p; Vol. 11 Nos. 1 Women and the family friend 74p; 2 Girls who show their bodies 74p; 3 Feminine sexual fantasies, part one, 74p; 4 Feminine sexual fantasies, part two, 74p; 5 Girls who do what you've always dreamed about, 74p; 6 Men and their measurements, 74p.

For details of further Mayfair back numbers, see page 25

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M117

fellow I was going to marry, or he thought I was. He was ever so nice – I really did fancy him; he was the son of the receptionist at this dentist place I used to work at. He was ever so polite, but too sort of respectable. That sounds stupid. I just knew I was going to do something awful and mess it up. I told him, but he wouldn't believe me. And then I thought I was up the spout and it was just too much. A girlfriend was living in London so I went and stayed with her.

Quest: You didn't tell your parents or your boyfriend?

Assistant: My parents didn't want to know. Too busy squabbling with each other. They're all right, really, but I knew I wouldn't hear the last of it. And I couldn't tell Martin.

Quest: Why not?

Assistant: Oh because it might not have been his. It wasn't anything special, the other bloke. Just someone I used to know, and it was only the once, worse luck. In the end it wasn't anything – just worry, I suppose. By then I had a flat with Janice – my friend – and Johnny was her friend.

Quest: Did you take over from her?

Assistant: I didn't seduce him or anything. We just hit it off together from the start. He and Jan were always niggling at each other anyway. Jan and I had a big argument about it, of course, and I had to get a place of my own.

Quest: How did you first make love?

Assistant: That's what the big argument was about. Jan's a bit podgy and it makes her feel insecure, I'm sure of it. Every time Johnny turned up at the flat to take her out she'd practically run off with him. I don't know what she expected me to do. I suppose it was because I didn't know anyone – not at first – and I was always moping around, watching the telly. Anyway it got to be a bit of a joke between Johnny and me – which Jan didn't like either. Then one night she phoned me at home – I was going to wash my hair or something – all worried because she had to work late and Johnny was supposed to be coming round to pick her up and she couldn't reach him and I had to explain and get him to ring her the next day. Anyway Johnny turned up and I told him and he asked me out for a drink. That was all. Neither of us had anything else to do. So we went to a pub just round the corner, and just talked. Then we had a dance. It was a Friday night and there was a disco in the basement bar and I remember thinking, ever so quickly, when Johnny got up to dance: aren't you a lovely mover.

Quest: Mover?

Assistant: I just liked the way he walked. He had very tight jeans. I know what you're thinking. I wasn't just looking at that. Anyway we danced quite a bit, till it was quite late, and the music got all quiet and smoochy and we started snogging.

Quest: On the dance floor?

Assistant: Mmmm. So we went back for some coffee and I don't think I even plugged in the kettle.

Quest: Jan wasn't there?

Assistant: No, not then. I really forgot about her, it sounds so stupid now. Johnny and I started snogging on the sofa as soon as we got in. He was good at that too. Not all over you like an octopus; sometimes it's like a wrestling match. I hate that. He didn't sort of try to push things, but it wasn't because he wasn't interested. I thought that was nice. And he did my ears too.

Quest: Did your ears?

Assistant: I like having them tickled; it makes me all goosebumpy. He found out about that quickly too. I didn't have to say.

Quest: Did you make love then?

Assistant: I really wanted to. We sort of toppled onto the sofa, lying down. And we were kissing and stroking each other – we kept stroking each other's jeans. It was lovely. Sort of being happy top and bottom at the same time.

Quest: You mean touching each other's private parts?

Assistant: I suppose I did first. Just rubbed his thigh. I could feel him bulging; he felt absolutely enormous. Then he began stroking me, but not right down the front, just round and about, which is nicer anyway. And then we got closer and closer to home. I really felt incredibly fruity. Then I knew we just had to do it. I tell you I'm mad because I wasn't on the pill then and I didn't stop him to ask if he was doing anything in case – I really do get carried away. And the next thing I knew we were pulling each other's jeans off and I was spreadeagled on the sofa with my legs wide apart and my knickers round one knee and he was on top of me with his pants down and he came straight into me I was so ready. It was fantastic, I can't remember when it's been so exciting so quickly. And we didn't even have our clothes off – not the top half anyway. And the sofa was scraping over the carpet we were bumping about so much. I thought I was being killed. It was glorious. I knew we were both going to come quickly and then I did and I was screaming something like, 'Oh Jesus Christ!' And of course Jan came in through the door.

Quest: With what reaction?

Assistant: I don't think either of us saw her face. I just remember being aware of the door opening and then slamming ever so loudly, and I realised who it'd been. Johnny and I felt terrible, but we couldn't help laughing. I had to move out though.

Quest: When did you meet Ian?

Assistant: I met him when I stayed at Johnny's. He was going out with this girl called Liz, who was really gorgeous. Johnny said he didn't fancy her, but I didn't believe him. I'm sure he was jealous. He said her tits were too big and I am quite small-chested. But Liz was trying to get into modelling and apparently it was easier to get nude work. And she did have a beautiful body. But I don't know what happened in the end because she had some kind of row with Ian and it all broke up.

Quest: How did you become involved with Ian?

Assistant: I wasn't really involved. It was just a bit of a laugh that got out of hand. I mean, like Ian. He's nicer than Johnny, in a way – as a person. Much quieter, more thoughtful and quite fanciable. We got pickled one night Johnny was away – he does long-distance lorry driving sometimes – and just ended up in bed. It was just fun.

Quest: Did Johnny find out?

Assistant: I told him – I hate pretending – and he didn't seem to mind at all. I don't know whether that pleased me or not. I've a sneaking feeling he and Ian used to swap girlfriends around quite a bit.

Quest: Who suggested the pictures?

Assistant: I can't remember. One evening at the weekend we were all a bit bored. I remember, it was a Saturday night and we were going to meet some people at the pub. They didn't show, so we went home early to watch the telly and Ian was there with this camera that takes instant pictures – in colour, it was very good. Apparently he'd been abroad for a while the year before and he had money back from the tax people. So he'd treated himself to the camera and he'd also got hold of some whisky. Then we all had turns taking pictures of each other. Ordinary ones. We were just acting silly. Then Johnny kept saying, 'Go on, show us a bit of tit' and I wouldn't at first but they kept on and then Ian put on this old record he had – you know, 'The Stripper' – so I had to after that.

Quest: You had to strip?

Assistant: I just danced about – it's not easy to throw off a pair of denims and a smock gracefully. And Ian was flashing away – with a flashbulb I mean! And Johnny – actually it was his suggestion – said we could flog the pictures if we did them properly. So I said I'm not taking all my clothes off unless you do. And Ian said, 'Great! Real porn!' And we all fell about laughing.

Quest: How were you dressed then?

Assistant: Oh down to my Marks and Sparks undies. Then Johnny started pulling his jeans off – he could hardly stand up straight. And Ian was saying, 'Come on, show us! Show us!' So I unclipped my bra and Johnny kicked off his jeans and pulled me to him and I sort of posed against him – like those pictures you see in the papers. And Ian shouted, 'Knickers! Knickers! Get your knickers off! Let's have some pubes!' So I said, 'Well Johnny'll have to do that himself.' And Ian said, 'Great! A rape scene!' And Johnny started growling and grabbing at me, so I jumped away and he was chasing me round the room – with Ian flashing away – I was squealing like mad. Johnny caught hold of the back of my pants and I stopped because I thought he'd tear them, then he yanked them right down and Ian yelled, 'Fantastic!' Then that made me annoyed and I turned round and tried to grab Johnny's pants, but he jumped away laughing and then he tripped and sprawled over the coffee table and banged his foot. So I caught up with him and tried to pluck at his pants, but they were too tight, so in the end I stuck my hand down the front. He was so warm in there. I love doing that – it's all soft and squidgy – but I'd never done it for a photograph before.

Quest: How did Johnny react?

Assistant: He jumped, really. He twitched a bit inside as well, so then I yanked down his pants. I quite enjoyed that actually. And Ian was whooping and yelling, 'Fondle him! Now fondle him!'

Quest: Did you do that?

Assistant: That's when Johnny started kissing me and pressing himself up against me – I was quite turned on by then. And Johnny suddenly pulled away and said, 'Now kiss me, darling, make me stand and deliver.' And he was standing.

Quest: He had an erection?

Assistant: Halfway there, sort of sticking out. I said, 'I'm not going to do that. You can kiss my arse first.' So he did. He grabbed hold of me, the swine, and tried to turn me over; we ended up rolling about on the carpet and giggling. They had a lovely really deep pile sheepskin – a bit old and smelly, but ever so soft on your skin. And before I knew it I was sprawling on my back and Johnny was trying to get between my legs. And I knew he meant it now because he was breathing like a dog on heat and I could feel his old man bashing against me like a lump of wood. Actually I fancied him something rotten. I love it when a bloke's so turned on he'll do practically anything – if I'm in the mood. And he started saying, 'Come on, love, don't mess about; don't be silly –' You don't know how silly a bloke looks with a great waggling thingummyjig stuck out in front of him.

Quest: Where was Ian while all this was going on?

Assistant: He was still snapping away! He was saying, 'Go on, Sylv, grab hold of it – give it a lick – I want to see it go in. Nice look of ecstasy.' And then Johnny got annoyed and told him to piss off, but Ian was just laughing himself sick. And then Johnny brought it right up the inside of my thigh and before I could shift myself the head was just inside me – I almost screamed. It was agony, being so quick like that – not really painful because I was ready – but really gorgeous. And I must have said, 'Oh Christ' or something like that because Ian started yelling, 'Fantastic, fantastic, we ought to have sound,' and Johnny told him to belt up, that he was just a wanker; but he was trembling, and he lifted himself on his elbows and slipped right into me and I just squealed and dug my fingers into the cheeks of his bum, and I just didn't care any more about anything; I just wanted him, as much as I could get. It was really fantastic – he went at it like a maniac; I had great raw patches on my bum afterwards, seriously. Then when I thought I couldn't take it any more I tried to curl my legs round him and stop him, but he's so much bigger than me, and he gave me one great big heave and I felt it all warm inside me and I went right over the top. I couldn't help myself. It was lovely.

Quest: Where was Ian during all this?

Assistant: We couldn't see him by the time we'd woken up. We were just putting our clothes back on when he wandered in, and Johnny said, 'Where've you been?' And he said, 'Wanking myself silly in the loo, of course, what do you think?' And then he showed us the pictures – and they were fantastic. I couldn't believe it. It was like an orgy, which is what it was, of course.

Quest: You liked them?

Assistant: Yes, I mean it's all right having portraits and holiday snaps and things to remember people by, but you don't often have pictures of you in the act, do you?

Quest: You still have them?

Assistant: I've got one of them at home. Johnny kept the rest.

Quest: You don't see him any more?

Assistant: No, it got a bit messy at the end. He got some stupid tart into trouble. I knew about her. He had to push off and Ian couldn't keep the flat on his own. I get letters, but it was nice while it was happening.

Quest: Thank you very much.

Two **Gallery owner, 29 years old, brunette, town of origin Portsmouth**

This interviewee ran a small picture gallery and souvenir shop which she had purchased herself three years ago. Two years ago she had married. There were no children.

Quest: Is it true what you said, that you appeared in a pornographic film?

Owner: Yes, I did.

Quest: Why?

Owner: Because someone asked me to and I needed the money to buy the lease on my shop. I used to be a secretary, which is all I was ever trained to do, and secretaries don't earn very much money – not enough to start businesses on anyway. I did other things too. I went in for some beauty contests and I did some modelling. Fashion modelling. It was shoes, actually. I'm supposed to have nice legs.

Quest: I'm not disagreeing. I just wondered how you get a part in a blue movie. Did you answer an ad?

Owner: I don't think they advertise, do they? No, a friend asked me. A photographer. He saw some pictures a boyfriend of mine had taken.

Quest: Nude pictures?

Owner: Yes, but nothing outrageous. He wanted a blow-up for his bedroom wall.

Quest: Have you told your husband about your film?

Owner: He's seen it.

Quest: Your relationship is that open?

Owner: I don't know what you mean by open. I didn't tell him about the film before he saw it. That was just an accident. But I explained everything afterwards. I'd told him I'd done modelling before I met him and some of it had been fairly explicit.

Quest: He sounds a very understanding man.

Owner: He was, he is. Not that I wasn't upset when I knew he'd found out. But it was before I met him, and I think it helped us in a funny way.

Quest: Helped your relationship?

Owner: I feel more secure somehow. As if Terry knows as much about me as there is to know. I mean, the important things. I don't like having secrets normally. And I think Terry feels better too.

Quest: Isn't it true he was turned on a lot by the film?

Owner: Yes he was.

Quest: Tell me more about it. The offer really did come out of the blue – sorry!

Owner: There was always talk about it on the beauty queen circuits. I say, always, it probably just seemed like that. There were always photographers who wanted you to model – from local newspaper pin-ups to quite hard core; I nearly got caught like that several times early on. Some plausible-sounding photographer asks you out for a drink, dinner if you're lucky and you begin to realise what he really wants.

Quest: When did your attitude change?

Owner: I don't think it did change. To be quite honest I hadn't really thought about it – not seriously. You do have attitudes sometimes that are just your upbringing, without thinking about them. And I'd heard stories.

Quest: What kind of stories?

Owner: People being exploited.

Quest: Can you give an example?

Owner: Oh stories about no film being in the camera, a chance for producers to have an ogle at some naked flesh when they know someone won't get the part. I'm sure you've heard it all before. But I did know one girl it happened to.

Quest: What happened to her?

Owner: It was really sick. She was a terribly nice girl, very pretty, long dark hair, a very nice figure. We did a couple of beauty contests together. She was very shy, very uncertain of herself, but terribly ambitious to act. Apparently she'd been along to an audition for a fairly tatty film. I've never heard of the company; in fact I'm sure it was all a sham, because she only heard about it privately. Anyway, she knew she was probably going to have to strip – but not much more because you can't show an awful lot for most films, no matter what people think. She turned up at this flea-bitten office, and there were two men and a girl there. One of the men was middle-aged, the other thirtyish. The girl was quite young but she left quite soon and the men asked my friend to strip, which she did. She'd done some nude pictures for a boyfriend who sold them, so she wasn't too nervous. And these fellows got her to move around the office, and the younger one started taking flash shots – which they said was just a test. Then the middle-aged one started to say that there were going to be two versions of the script; one mild one for Britain and a much raunchier one for abroad. So my girlfriend asked how raunchy, and the middle-aged fellow told her not to worry. They didn't want simulated sex in the pictures, but it was all right another couple were going to do that and they could cut in pictures of them and no one would notice. But there was one scene where they couldn't, and in that one she had to masturbate; and they asked her if she minded. Well, she didn't know what to say because she didn't want to walk out, so she said she expected she could act it. But then the middle-aged man insisted that it would have to be real because their audience could always tell, which is rubbish, and anyway the producers insisted. And then he said they wanted her to try it there, so they could photograph her.

Quest: You mean masturbate in front of them?

Owner: She said she wouldn't, but the man kept on, and on. In the end she agreed to pose against the wall with her hand between her legs. And they took some pictures, and the man kept asking her to rub herself a little, just to give the effect for the camera. She said she was getting more and more upset. But the man kept on and on and that was when he came up to her.

Quest: To do what?

Owner: Apparently he said it was all right, no one would mind, she could have the film back; all she had to do was let herself go, and he started touching her, stroking her thighs and then he slipped his hand between her legs and put his finger up, and told her to squeeze him. And she broke down and ran out. She came home naked under a raincoat.

Quest: Do you like telling that story?

Owner: I felt sorry for the girl.

Quest: But the thought of being manipulated like that by a complete stranger –

Owner: Not a greasy old man, not at all.

Quest: I just wondered why you agreed to your film.

Owner: Because Alex, my friend, asked me straight out, instead of pretending it was something else, and because he paid me an awful lot of money, half of it in advance.

Quest: What did you have to do?

Owner: Oh the story was pathetic; those things always are. It was in two halves. First I just had to get undressed for bed at night – no sign of a night dress, of course – and sort of sprawl lasciviously on top of my bed and that was that. The point was I was supposed to have a hole in my ceiling and the fellow upstairs is ogling me every night, and getting very excited. Why he doesn't come down isn't explained. Then in the second half I need to borrow some sugar and of course I go upstairs and he offers me coffee and while he's making it I notice the hole in his floor, realise what he's been doing and seduce him. Which is most of what happens.

Quest: Did you know the man?

Owner: No, I didn't want to. I didn't want a relationship. I just knew him as Chris. I think he'd done some acting. He had quite a nice body.

Quest: And you had intercourse with him?

Owner: There were supposed to be two different versions; a sort of soft, short one and a longer, harder one. Both were for the States – I got Alex to promise that; I didn't want to end up at the local rugby club.

Quest: What was the difference?

Owner: None in the first half – I think Alex wanted to show Chris masturbating, while he was supposed to be watching me, but Chris wouldn't. I thought that was very curious. But I suppose there wouldn't be many men interested in watching a man jerk-off, and I couldn't imagine a very big female audience.

Quest: What about the second half?

Owner: The biggest difference was that we couldn't show Chris's penis, which seemed a bit unfair because the camera could show all of me, and he had to stroke me and fondle me all over but I wasn't allowed to touch him – it was very odd; I felt a bit like a lump of meat. And the silliest part was when he was supposed to be humping me.

Quest: Why was that?

Owner: Because we had to be going away at it like maniacs, having incredible orgasms, but Chris couldn't show an erection.

Quest: Where did he put it then?

Owner: He didn't! I'm serious. It was the first thing we did practically. Alex got us both undressed very quickly and at it; we were both cold to each other, quite literally.

Quest: I don't see how you can lie there with a naked man humping you and feel nothing.

Owner: I didn't say I didn't feel anything. Of course you feel something. My nipples were perked up and I got quite damp. But every time Chris started to twitch we had to stop and let him cool down. It really was mad.

Quest: I'm still interested in your feelings while all this was going on.

Owner: Why? I'd decided I was going through with it. I suppose I did want to find out how I'd feel. When I was about nineteen I went through a very promiscuous phase; it was just after I'd left home, and I honestly did go to bed with everyone who asked me. I couldn't believe they could like me that much. I really was grateful, I know it sounds pathetic. But I enjoyed it; I wasn't having fantastic orgasms all the time – but I've never thought that was the most important thing anyway. Then I met the first man I lived with and I realised what I was missing and stopped. I enjoy having sex, but I still think it's the person you're having it with that makes it really good. I mean, sex on its own doesn't really mean anything, unless you're very lonely or depressed and even then that can make it worse if that's all there is. I've often thought I could understand how a prostitute could work. I know girlfriends of mine who've married for security – they've actually admitted that – and if that isn't prostitution I don't know what is.

Quest: What happened after you'd humped with Chris?

Owner: Oh we had this great sort of eye-rolling orgasm – it must have looked dreadful, I'm sure; while he pretended to jerk into me. Actually he was getting a bit stiff by then but no damage was done – to either of us.

Quest: What was the atmosphere like while this was happening?

Owner: Very professional – Alex knew exactly what he was doing. The three of us were alone; there was no sound or anything. We were joking quite a bit, actually, but Alex never let it hold us up. I was surprised how used to it I was, being naked like that. It was quite sexy too.

Quest: What happened after your orgasms?

Owner: We had to put all our clothes back on and do the bit where I come upstairs and see the peephole. God knows what it was like, I can't act for toffee, but Alex seemed quite happy. We only did it once. And then we got down to the harder bit.

Quest: How did that start?

Owner: I'm looking at the peephole and you get a sort of lightbulb appearing over my head. I'm sure I looked that obvious. Then we see Chris fussing about in the kitchen. We got back to me and I'm peeling my dress off and I have these tiny wispy knickers underneath and a minute black lace bra. And of course Chris's eyes pop out when he sees me, and he just stands while I waltz over to him, very sexily of course, and start to unbutton his shirt. He steps out of his trousers, and kicks them aside and I start kissing his chest – I was glad it wasn't hairy, I can't stand men like gorillas – and I get down to his Y-fronts and plunge my hand inside and pull him out.

Quest: How was all this planned? Did you just get on with it and let the camera run – or what?

Owner: There was something written down, I think, but Alex was telling us what to do all the time. In fact, he asked Chris if he wanted to go right the way through because he was the one who had to show interest. And Chris wasn't sure. So we just started. I had to fellate him to begin with, and then we were supposed to go to the bed and have a general sort of fondle and then do it from behind – presumably so the audience could get a good view. Then some more variations before Chris came – but he had to come outside.

Quest: Were you afraid he'd come in your mouth?

Owner: That doesn't bother me very much. Actually when I did pull him out I was quite surprised – I expected some sort of great monster, but he looked quite normal-sized.

Quest: And you fellated him?

Owner: I pulled down his pants and began to fondle and stroke him and pull his foreskin back and Alex told me to do it more slowly.

Quest: What did you do on the bed?

Owner: Chris undid my bra and started squeezing and fondling my boobs and giving my nipples little love-bites – I must admit he was quite good at that. Then he reached down and pulled off my knickers, which didn't take much effort, and clapped his hand over my pubes – that made me jump – I thought that was a bit sudden – but Alex just said, 'Slowly, slowly' and Chris began sliding his finger round and round, which was very exciting and I could hear him panting; then he pushed his finger just inside. I knew I was excited. Alex said, 'Anytime you're ready. Now turn her over Chris. Legs wide apart, love, get your bum up in the air. Now slowly, Chris, I want to see it go in.' And then I did think, sprawling there like that, 'What in hell am I doing?' And I didn't know whether to laugh or cry; then Chris slid straight into me and it was happening. I was really being fucked for money.

Quest: How much more did you do?

Owner: I think Alex stopped the camera once, while we did it standing up – or Chris standing up with me bending over a table. And then during our grand sort of end hump. Chris gave a great yell and I knew he'd come – it brought me off, actually – and Alex was annoyed because it meant Chris wouldn't show as much at the end. So we started again and Chris came again between my breasts.

Quest: And you enjoyed it?

Owner: I didn't feel so good about starting again, but it was all right. It was an experience.

Quest: How did your husband find out?

Owner: He's an artist and he sells a lot of his work to Americans. He went over to arrange a showing in New York and his agent produced my film for the evening's entertainment, apparently. He didn't let on it was me. To be honest, I don't regret what I did but I was quite afraid it might alter things.

Quest: It didn't?

Owner: I told you, I explained everything. How things were different now. In the end Terry said the film had nearly driven him berserk because I wasn't there for him to leap on. He even said he might offer to buy it and bring it back to keep. But I don't know. I don't know if we need anything extra – not now anyway. I think we've both got what we want.

Quest: Thank you very much.

Three **Accountant trainee, 23 years old, town of origin Derby**

This – male interviewee – had left school at eighteen and worked for a photographic laboratory before taking up his present job. He shared a house with two other men.

Quest: What was the point of your photographic society?

Trainee: To get women. Anyway, it wasn't a society; it was a kind of collective agreement.

Quest: Agreeing to what?

Trainee: To keep score. We were all in the same lab and we all did outside photographic work – or tried to. Weddings, dinners, that kind of thing – Roy, the fellow who knew most about it, did some occasional press work as well. I only did relatives and friends really – I mean, it's my hobby; if you could earn any money at it, starting out, I'd probably be doing it now.

Quest: Keeping score of women?

Trainee: Roy had the idea that a camera was a perfect kind of in for women. I mean, photographers take pictures of attractive women – so they expect to be approached by photographers – and with any luck they'll be flattered enough to let you take their picture. After that it's up to you.

Quest: A kind of instant photographic seduction?

Trainee: In theory.

Quest: Not in practice?

Trainee: Roy claimed to have had some amazing experiences, of which I believe about one per cent, but the theory was fine. The point was, unlike most tall stories, you'd have photographic evidence, and the naughtier the picture the better your story.

Quest: And you had the naughtiest pictures?

Trainee: Well, for a while. I gave them back.

Quest: Who to?

Trainee: Sandra, she was in them. Actually it was just as well, I got engaged right after.

Quest: Why were the pictures so bad?

Trainee: They weren't bad, they were bloody good. Some of the later ones were a bit out of focus, but it was obvious what was happening.

Quest: What was happening?

Trainee: We were screwing, Sandra and I.

Quest: How do you manage to do that and take photographs?

Trainee: With enormous difficulty, as a matter of fact. It did happen. I'm only telling you because I find it hard to believe too. I haven't got a very good imagination.

Quest: How did you meet Sandra?

Trainee: In a cafe, or a coffee bar really. The idea was we'd all start out together on a Saturday morning and approach girls in the street and ask to take their pictures. We'd have cameras, of course, but the idea would be to arrange something later. I mean I was twenty at the time, I thought it was a fantastic idea. Roy and Steve, who was the third member of the group, had a flat with a phone so that's where it would all happen. I was still living at home then.

Quest: But did it work?

Trainee: Roy got three – though only one of them gave him her number, but I think he did quite well there. Steve got a number and I got a married woman who wanted me to take a family snap of her hubby and their kid. All good experience. Actually, it was a bit depressing. Around lunchtime we all met up for a coffee and a sandwich and compared notes. And Sandra was sitting about four tables away with some girlfriends. She was very attractive – about my height, perhaps a bit taller – and very classy. Not exactly head scarves and twin sets, but not far off; which is not really my scene; good working class lad that I am, or nearly. She was fanciable, but she didn't happen to turn me on. But the others reckoned it was my turn to score. I didn't really fancy chatting her up with her friends all round her. Then a couple got up and left and she was left chatting to the last one and obviously just about to leave herself, so after much prompting I leapt.

Quest: How did she react?

Trainee: Very nicely. I was quite chuffed. Either she was going to freeze me dead, or she was going to be awfully polite. And she was awfully polite. She said, 'Oh how nice, what a lovely idea.' I bullshitted a bit, I said I'd done work for the local paper, all lies, which at least did have a bikini girl spot every week. But then she said she didn't have a phone number – disaster – so I gave her Roy's. Then she said, 'I don't have a decent swimsuit,' and I said, 'Don't worry, I'll arrange it all' – I really didn't have the faintest idea what I was doing.

Quest: But you still expected her to get in touch?

Trainee: Yes, I did. I don't know why. Roy and Steve thought I'd been conned. But I really did have the feeling that something was going on, you know, that I didn't know about. And, sure enough, she did phone, a couple of evenings later. And Roy arranged a session for the weekend. I honestly thought he was kidding me, but I took all my lights and stuff along – and I still didn't really believe it. Steve was away for the weekend and Roy said he was seeing some woman all day and with any luck wouldn't be back till morning. And suddenly she was there. I nearly shit a brick.

Quest: How was she?

Trainee: Very brisk, friendly. She'd brought her own bikini and she showed it to me as soon as she came in, so I said fine, and straightaway she wanted to know where to get changed. So I showed her Roy's bedroom. That's when I started to think things would be all right.

Quest: Hadn't you taken pictures of girls before?

Trainee: Oh yes. Girlfriends usually. Sue, the girl I got engaged to a short time after, I got her to go topless. But I hadn't dealt with strangers.

Quest: Go on.

Trainee: She came back in and she looked marvellous. She had a great figure, and not at all self-conscious. I was very impressed. She asked me if that was all right and I said it was great, then she asked if we were going outside, because it was a warm day – sunny afternoon – and I mumbled something about loosening up in here first. I just hadn't thought of that at all, which was marvellous. But she didn't seem to mind. So I just asked her to move about, be relaxed and I started snapping away. There were French windows, lots of light, I didn't even need a flash. And we started talking about the whole pin-up idea; she was saying she couldn't see any harm in it – even topless shots. She mentioned that; it wasn't me, bringing it up. I remember thinking, 'Is that a hint?' But I didn't take it up, I don't know why. And then she went into this weird story.

Quest: What was that?

Trainee: I think it started when she was talking about why it was necessary to have nudie pictures. Then she said when she was at school in the sixth form she'd gone away for the weekend somewhere on the train, wearing one of those muslin smocks, without a bra, because people weren't wearing bras then. And she'd found herself in a compartment alone with a youngish bloke who kept staring at her boobs and eventually he'd started masturbating.

Quest: How did you react to that?

Trainee: Well, how do you react? I just said, 'That's incredible', which it was. And that's when I asked her.

Quest: What?

Trainee: If she wanted to go nude. I was going to say, 'Or topless,' if she argued, but she didn't, she just grinned and said, 'I'm not too sure about it.' So I said, 'It's all right; I'm a professional; I've seen it all before.' And she said 'All right' and stripped off. I honestly was flabbergasted. I mean, either she was a raging nympho or I really did act like a professional, in which case I'd scuppered everything because I couldn't lay a finger on her. And the weirdest thing was just standing, fully clothed, with a stark naked bird – being polite. And she was lovely; boobs a bit heavy, hips a bit narrow, but she had an incredible nest of pubes, really like the disappearing fox. And she said, 'What do you want me to do?' So I told her to do what she did before, and she started prancing about the room. I told her to drape herself round the sofa, and lift one leg up and she said suddenly, 'Can you show things like that?' I didn't know what she meant for a minute, so she said, 'All my soft bits,' and she put her hand on her crotch. And I said, 'Do that again – just hold it.' And she said, 'You're going to make me all fruity; that's not fair.' I said that was fine and she was stretched out on the sofa then and she looked up suddenly and said, 'I don't think I'm very flattered, you're not excited at all.' I said I wasn't showing it and she asked my why and then I went into my *Blow Up* act; I said, 'Make me excited; look as if you're really panting for it; you can't wait a second longer; you've got to have it, now!' And it was incredible – she went berserk – I was shocked, I really was.

Quest: In what way?

Trainee: She was just writhing about; she was doing it to herself. Really moaning and panting about. I just stared, I really did; and I suddenly realised I was sticking halfway down my own leg; and then she whispered, 'Christ, what are you waiting for?' And I had my Y-fronts off in about two and a half seconds. And she pulled me right in – so quickly we fell off the sofa and I popped out again; I thought she was going to go wild and she kept dragging herself down onto me – she made an incredible noise – sort of panting and whispering at the same time. And I was just about to shoot when she suddenly stopped dead and pulled back – I didn't know what was going on – and she lifted her head and pushed me back and said, 'Let me see.'

Quest: What did she want to see?

Trainee: My prick sticking into her; her hair was all over her face; she was shaking it away. And then she heaved her hips onto me and watched me disappear into her and started whispering, 'Oh God, oh God –' Then she grabbed my wrist and said, 'Take a picture of it –' I didn't know what to say; I said it would be all blurred. All she said was, 'Take a picture, take a picture of it', and I ended up scrabbling around and found the camera and tried to hold it properly and she grinned and gave another little jerk while I pressed the release, and another and another – and her hips started pumping up and down and I couldn't hold the damn thing, and she suddenly wailed, 'Oh give me your babies, oh God, give me all your babies' – and I exploded, and she squealed and went spark out. Rigid. I just keeled over and dozed off – next thing I knew she was bending over me, dressed, saying she had to go. I was still half asleep. Then she'd gone.

Quest: That was all that happened with her?

Trainee: Isn't that enough – I thought it was pretty good going.

Quest: You didn't see her again?

Trainee: I saw her in the street about a week ago actually, but not to talk to. No, she rang up Roy's a couple of nights after it happened and said she'd ring again the next evening, so I went round, and she told me she had to have her pictures. It was weird, as if she didn't really want to talk about what had happened. I would have happily taken her out again – but she sounded quite scared. So I promised to send them to her. I don't think the address was hers. I didn't want any fuss anyway; I was president of our photographic society. Most of the pictures were all right.

Quest: Congratulations.

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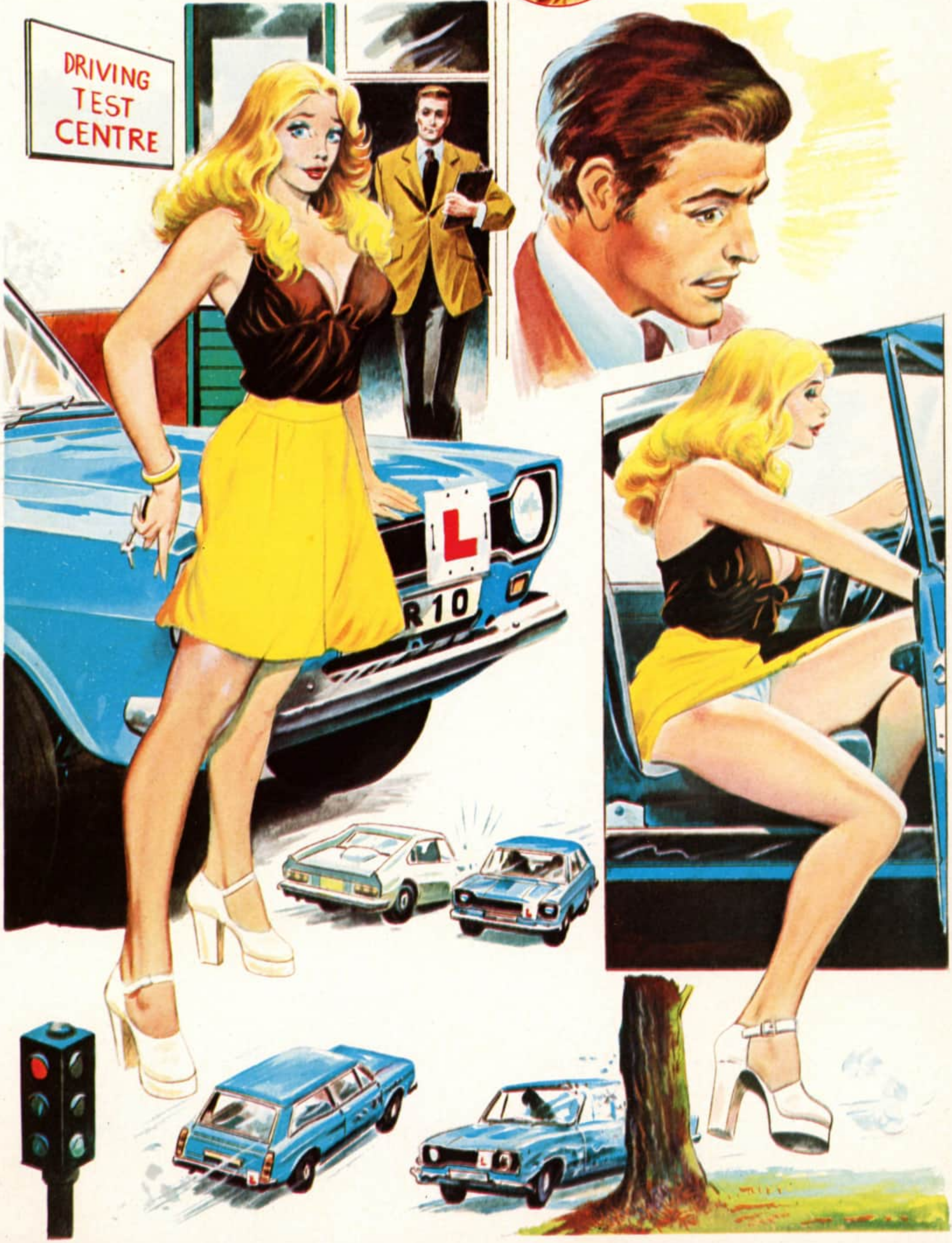
CARRIE

Carrie's examiner drives a harder bargain than she expected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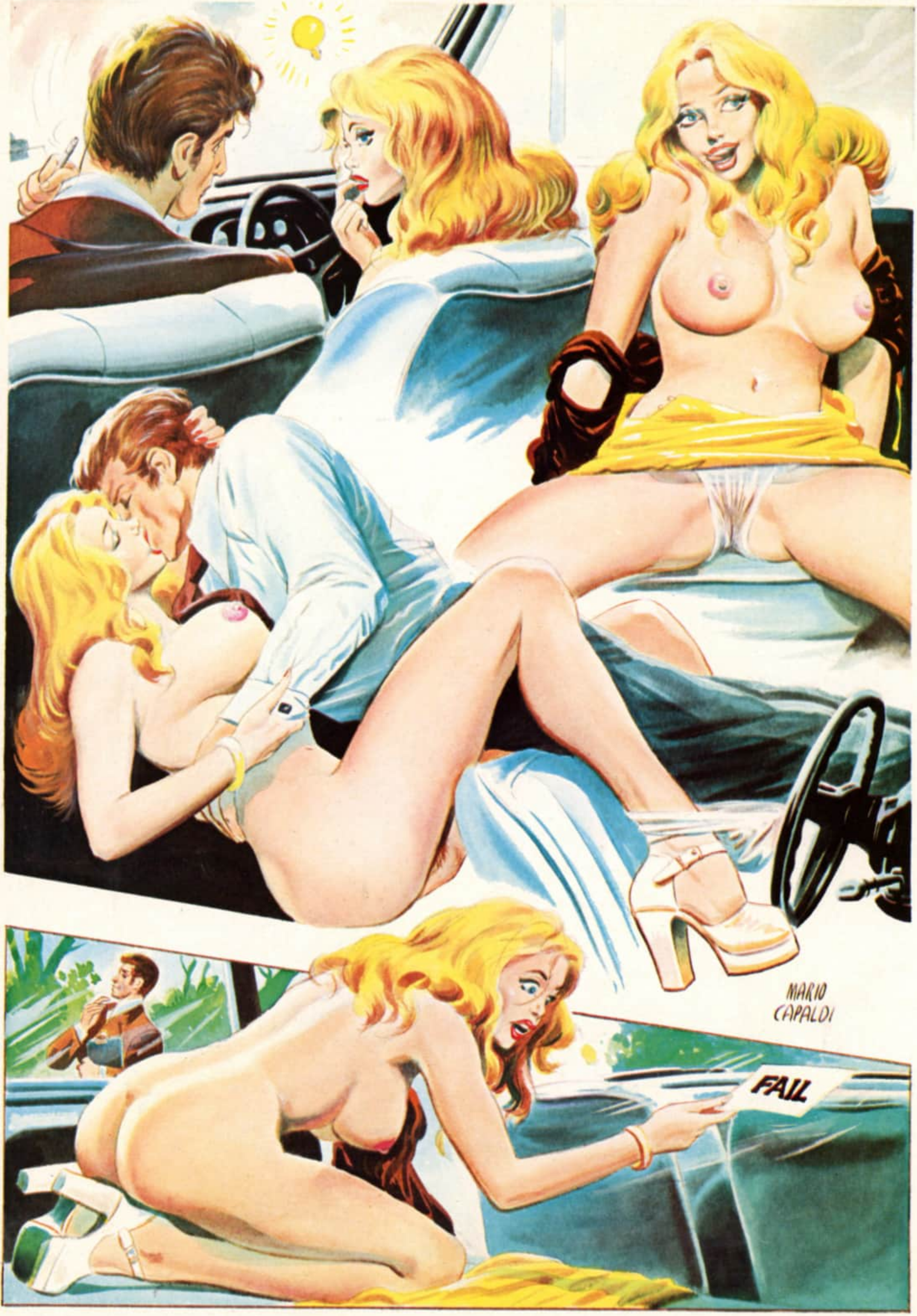
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Vem aí Luciana Botelho na PLAYBOY de fevereiro.
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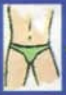
"Posar nua" era um dos maiores desafios da minha vida", revela Paula Melissa. "Agora, vendo as fotos, estou lisonjeada e agradecida a PLAYBOY.*" Ora, vejam: nós ganhamos este presentão e ela ainda agradece!*

ACERTE O TAMANHO

No século XIX a roupa de banho masculina — feita, acredite, de lã ou sarja — deixava quase todo o corpo coberto. Em 1920, foi lançada nos Estados Unidos a primeira roupa de banho de malha elástica. Após a Segunda Guerra Mundial, essas peças ganharam tecidos leves. Só na década de 60 foi que as roupas de banho começaram a encurtar.

Modelos de calções



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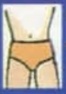

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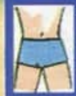
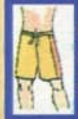


- **com ligeiro comprimento na coxa**



- **calções usados por surfistas**

Que roupa de banho meu tipo fisico recomenda?

O comprimento do calção deve ser proporcional à estatura. Para os mais baixos, recomenda-se calções curtos. Os altos podem usar bermudas. Sungas vestem bem qualquer tipo fisico, mas a regra não vale para quem precisa de um regime.

OS (POUCOS) ACESSÓRIOS

O que usar por cima
Camiseta. Um dos estilos mais usados é a regata. Importante: nada de camisetas longas, que escondem a sunga ou o calção. Cuidado também para que não sejam curtas demais.

O que calçar?
Sandálias. Podem ser de couro, mas dê preferência às de plástico. As do tipo havaianas são perfeitas. As do tipo franciscanas caem bem com roupas de banho, mas são menos práticas. Tênis na praia? Bem, uma combinação que você deve evitar, para não parecer jeca: sunga, camiseta e tênis (não use nem para fazer cooper na praia: vá de short, que fica bem).

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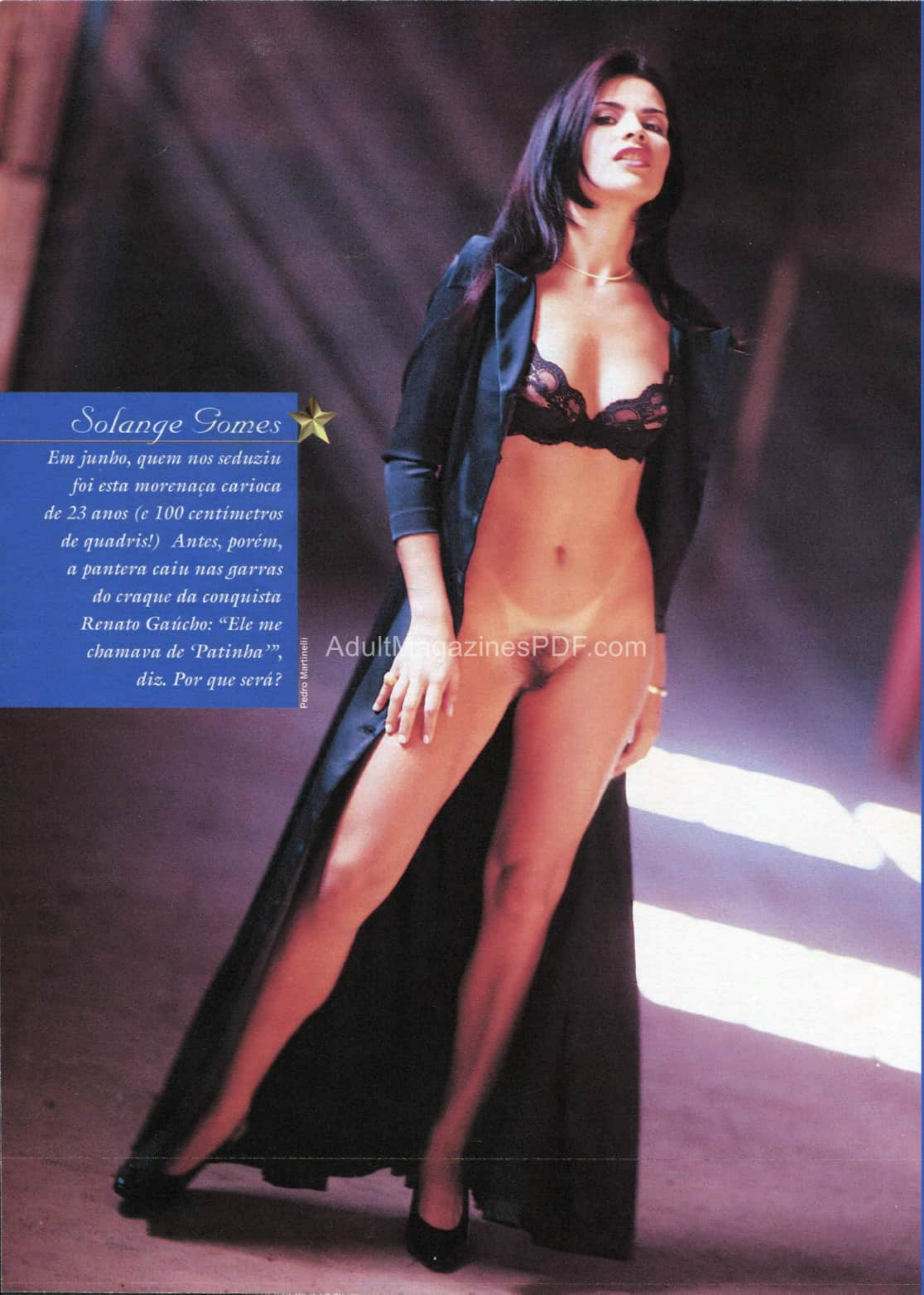

Solange Gomes

Em junho, quem nos seduziu foi esta morenaça carioca de 23 anos (e 100 centímetros de quadris!) Antes, porém, a pantera caiu nas garras do craque da conquista Renato Gaúcho: "Ele me chamava de 'Patinha'", diz. Por que será?

Pedro Martinelli

Ida do Vôlei

Boa sacada! Em setembro, nossa capa foi ouro! Um ensaio com a supercampeã do vôlei revelou ângulos jamais vistos pelos admiradores do esporte das musas.

Fabio Cabral